This Torch-light ſhevves the riſe, the mirth, the thrall
Of Luſt and Bribes, their ſhame, their fears, their fall.

This Torch-light ſhevves the riſe, the mirth, the thrall
Of Luſt and Bribes, their ſhame, their fears, their fall.

The Nights Search:

OR,

The cunning Curtizan discovered;

AND

The great Mystery of Iniquity exactly revealed:

With the Projects of these TIMES:

In a Poem,

By *Humphrey Mill*, Gent.

Nocte patent mendæ.

——— Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

Imprimatur. *Nath. Brent.*

Printed for *William Ley*, at PAUL'S Chaine neer Doctors Commons. 1652.

To the much Honoured, and thrice Noble Lord, *Robert*, Earle of Warwick, Baron of Lees, &c.

Right Honourable;

Having presented the first part of my endeavours of this nature to an honourable Peer, and finding his noble acceptance with respect in the world, above the desert of the Author, or merit of the work, which with some other encouragements made me bold to tender this second Part, as a free-will offering (in love) to your Lordship: being ambitious that it should beare the name of so truly a noble Patron (honoured of all) who have beene and still is such a great pillar to uphold this tottering State, whose gallant, faithfull, and successefull service, will render you famous to all posterity.

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

I confesse the humble wing of my Muse lights upon a low-borne Subject, yet modestly possest with fury, in the midst of temptations, keeps her Virgin beauty; although she hath to doe with the workes of darknesse, (ripened with the corruption of these times) yet your Lordship may justly judge it too light for your serious meditations: However I doubt not but it may prevaile in the intermission of weighty employments, so as to invite a favourable looke from your Honour, which will preserve it from the blast of envy.

I am not so foole-hardy, as to plead the worth of my Muse, whereby to match her to the wits of the time; (nor will she think her self preferred by it, unlesse they be wisely honest as well as witty) but her true intention free from flatterie, trimmed in a plaine dresse, only somwhat of a strange new fashion: yet so, as the fancies may be pleasing to some, the discoveries usefull to others, and the moralls profitable to all, who will consider them.

All which I leave to your Lordships protection, and you, to him that will never leave you, till he hath given you the complement of all happinesse. So prayes he that desires to subscribe himselfe,

The humblest of your honours Servants,

Humphrey Mill.

To the intelligent Reader.

Gentle Reader:

Have provided a second course, which perhaps may please thy palate: thou wilt find company of all sorts, if thou shouldst disdaine any of them, take thy messe apart, and choose thy comrades, thou mayest have varieties of baits in the way; but if thou likest the Bills of Fare, keepe thy stomacke for the feasts, something may bee worth thy tast, and all thy observation if digested in a right sence; be jealous of thine eyes, and trust not appetite, least thou surfeit with strange dishes; if thou shouldst be taken by the Centinells, Scouts, or Guard, or discovered by the Spyes, give good language: read the Letters of Advise, which may direct thee to thy freedome. This is but a supply to what has beene formerly dreſt in the Night-search, or rather a running banquet, where thou mayest see how farre the sweet of sin can extend it selfe; if thou art found guiltie, looke for the Sentence, yet thou mayst be reprieved upon thy good behaviour: if thou art free, learne here to keep thy selfe so. I have dreſt my conceits with the fancies of night to make them pleasing, and with morall similies to make them profitable, the language of the times being suitable to the subject; I dare not take the stile of a Poet, for feare this squint-eyed age should suspect my integrity, or common fame blast my endeavours, because

because of the corruption of many: But finding my pockets empty, in respect the times have let them bloud, I begin to swell with conceit, and challenge the name, seeing poverty is taken for their coat, and labour in vaine for their creſt, the mantle diſ-daine, being blazed by dull ignorance, and pale-faſt envy.

I have ſomwhat elſe to follow, than this unthriſty ſcience, but as well for my own recreation, as for thy good, I have bent my ſelfe to diſcover this myſtery of iniquitie, which may be uſefull to all ſorts of perſons, young and old, good and bad, it is ſomwhat againſt my nature to plead excuſe, or crave pardon for what I have writ: to ſhew that I am a free-man, not a ſlave for any mans humour, I intend no ill, if taken ill by any, let it reſt with him; if I purchaſe thy good word particularly, and a reformation generally, I ſhall obtaine my ends.

Good night.

All thoſe that would theſe lines digeſt,
Muſt read 'em over twice at leaſt:
Obſerve the poynts, how ſenſe doth meet,
The accents, cadence, and the feet.
The humble ebbs and ſwelling hopes,
Of Figures, Epithetes, and Tropes.

To the degenerate Nobility, and new found Gentry.

YOu that are truly Noble, and the beſt
Deſerving Gentry, who are alwayes bleſt
With honour'd vertues: that doe ever ſtand
For peace and truth, the freedom of the Land;
I do not aime at you, nor ſhall my laies
Sound ought of you, except it be your praiſe.
But unto you, who are the uſhers in
Of fowle abuſes, whoſe accurſed ſin
Drawes fools to ſale, each from example cry,
If Gentlemen may do ſo, why not I?
Your learning fits you for't, your poyſon'd wit
And beaſtly Logick, from the infernall pit
Preſcribe you rules, to find a neater way
To Pluto's Court: your blouds, bound to convey
Your luſts on freely, and your means you make
To beare your charges to the boyling lake.
A yeoman foole goes ſlily, with one whore,
You ruſh on boldly, carrying halfe a ſcore:
Your 'ſtate will beare it, and your noble birth
Attones the ill, being higher ſtuffe then earth.
Rich fare provokes you, and you drench your duſt
With coſtly liquors, which do gender luſt.
Your idleneſſe invites you to receive
Temptations gratis, never to bereave
The fleſh of pleaſures. And your rich attire
Doth tempt allurements, your expreſſe deſire
Not Bungler-like: and your attendants go
Along with you, can low-borne fooles do ſo?

You

You dive for new delights and make a trench,
To bury justice, like the baser French,
Who from their full-mouth pride and armes of steele,
(Being pockifi'd) to prove themselves gentile;
Despising chastity, you love such weeds
That harbour snakes, and praise him that exceeds
In choicer evills. You perhaps had rise
From Brokers, Jaylors, Tapsters, or the dice
Might help your grand fathers, you might be screw'd
From userie, extortion, or be brew'd
In scalding liquor; or some misers wheat
Sav'd from his mow (till mouldie) made you great:
You vainly spend what they with curses got,
Rais'd quickly with your names, so soon you rot.
To tax the females here, or draw their shapes
That keep their dogs, their monkies, and their apes,
To make them sport, or those that swell with pride,
And are too good for all the world beside
To looke upon, Religion is too base
For flaming furies, is not now the case.
You should have liv'd from such corruptions free,
And prov'd sweet patterns of humilitie;
Preferring goodnesse, loving purer theames
To stop the tide of basenesse in the streames.
Do good with your estates, your wit, your art;
Should make you carefull, to prevent the smart
Which follies buy. I doubt what I reherse,
Will make you slight my subject, or my verse.
Yet read the book, and pay for't, if you fret,
They will not give you trust to run in debt.

T

To all Judges, Justices, Church-Wardens, Constables, &c.

YOu whom *Astrea* greets, were you all right,
I had not been so sharp, nor had this night
Been twisted into whip-cord: Was it made,
To help the Jaylours, or the Beadles trade?
I am your Vsher, come, for here's a race
Able to bring the Hang-man to disgrace.
You are to find out sinners, and to give
Them punishment; that honestie might live
In Courts of justice; that the world may see,
How some of widow *Truths* posteritie
Do walk in gownes; should favour, friends, or lyes,
Or feare, or bribes, blind any of your eyes?
But ah! they do too much! some of you nurse
These Fly-blowne vermin, stiled Englands curse.
Convert not sins, nor plagues into a jest,
Nor yet with mischiefes make your selves a feast.
I do but move in Court, I dare not treat
With upstart Plush. which sin hath made so great.
To Justices, and Judges, I present
(And all inferiour Officers intent
Vpon the publike good) these humble straines,
As the untutour'd issue of my braines,
Rough with revenge; although conceiv'd at night,
You may bring forth my black birds to the light,
And heare'em chirp. Let sin have no release,
Which nourisheth our woes, and wounds our peace.

To

TO you, whose lives are eaten up with lust,
Your spirits and your names consum'd with rust,
Whose soules are bought and sold, whose bodies will
Vnsheath your wicked practices, to fill
The world with wonder; you, by whom Hell best
Is here, and in her place below expreſt:
To you, who poyson earth with your foule deeds,
And from your breſt your torment ever feeds,
I do preſent my lines, if taken well,
They may hedge up your paſſages to Hell,
And break your league: If not, your damned cauſe
(Which is condemn'd by my Satyrick Lawes)
Will gender vipers, who will gnaw the ſweet,
And bite your bowels, 'till their teeth do meet:
Whence life it ſelfe, againſt your health ſhall ſtrive;
You vaſſals, are not dead, nor yet alive.
You trim your vice, and will your humours have,
Although your corps are dreſſing for the grave,
Maintaine your ſinfull freedome, prove 'tis more
Diſgrace in living chaſt, than be a whore.
Death hath his charge, your plots being all reveal'd,
(Judged by a Statute not to be repeal'd)
Expect the execution; then your pet
Will no way ſave you, till you pay the debt;
To which you were engag'd for, with delight,
Nor can time bale you; though y'are found by night,
You cannot 'ſcape away. Ah! well! I muſt
With ſuch vile Rebels leave my Search in truſt.

To

To his friend Mr. H. Mill, *upon his Diſcoveries of Night.*

KInd Friend, th'aſt made a golden frame,
For glorie of thy laſting name;
Thou paint'ſt moſt faire the fouleſt globe,
Hell-hounds in a moſt comely robe;
Vertues luſter, for all mens fight,
Wit and ſenſe do touch aright:
A ſtile that is ſo Indian rich,
As brave Palace exceeds a ditch,
Proves he haunted the pious wayes,
Yet ſhewes the ill of all thoſe dayes,
To ſee the Verge, not to enter
Vices Circle, know the Center.
To him is given ſo large a grant,
Each of the Nine ſhall be his Aunt;
Whoſe Cherub-Muſe hath wing alone,
To fetch that Ore from Helicon:
Pride of the tongue, from Peru ſhore,
The words rich Ingots, ſubject poore.
That Poet doth excell in parts,
When matter ſmels perfum'd by Arts;
Not he who hath a noble theame,
Weighs out his phraſe with *Cicros* Beame:
Print, buy this book, all that live well;
Who this deſpiſe, are bound for Hell.

Edw. Peyton, Knight and Baronet.

To his ingenious friend Mr. Mill, *upon his loftie Discoveries of Night.*

THou hast laid out, to each mans view,
The Rogue, the Cut-purse, and that Crew,
Who with their damned plots do strive
To kill, and torture men alive.

From henceforth no Eclipse shall be,
Since thou hast made the Welkin free;
Thy Moone in state shall ever shine:
For now the night is made divine.

Light, *Luna* borrow'd of the Sun,
When infant time was but begun,
Shee'll now confesse the brightest night,
From thee receiv'd that borrow'd light.

Those that have wit, will gaine from hence
Embroyder'd reason, high-borne sense:
Fooles from thy Search would faine get free:
But wise men will stand bound to thee.

Tho. Perrin, Knight.

To

To his industrious and quick-sighted friend, Mr. Humphrey Mill, *upon his Night-search.*

FRiend *Mill*, thy rare descriptions I admire,
More than the Indians, when they first found fire
By clashing canes; for you by this your skill
(Downe dropping wonders from your fluent quill)
Incense the gods, in that you should aspire,
Promethew-like, from heaven to fetch this fire:
The Indians fire, materials did combust,
But this thy fire doth purge the soule from rust;
The vicious conscience it so throughly tries,
And by mens deeds discovers what there lies.
Should I compare thy light unto the Sun?
He never could find out what thou hast done:
Or had he spi'd it, Pimp-like he'd conceale
The fact, which honour drives thee to reveale,
Not spite. Thy hate to mankind is not such,
But that who good are, thou admit'st as much:
Such creatures then as do thy lines abhor,
Expresse themselves but what thou took'st them for:
Deluding Miscreants, living thus, did urge
Thy Genius to twist this triple scourge,
Like Pedlars wares that are sophisticate,
Hating the light, because the light brings hate:
The honest need not thou shouldst them reprove,
For t'others hate 'tis better far than love:
In this thy conscience thou dost fully cleare,
Spurning their folly which they bought so deare.
In stately measures, with thy lamp so bright,
Thou hast displaid the villanies of night.

Will. Scot Gent.

To his worthy friend Mr. Mill, *upon his excellent Poem of the Night-Birds.*

PAle Envie's at a ſtand, let *Momus* bark
His lungs into a palſie; here's a mark,
Though Pride and Folly ſhoot, they cannot hit;
Or charg'd with choler, or diſcharg'd of wit.
Theſe lines are rich and loftie, ſmooth and even,
To fit the nobleſt ſubject under Heaven:
But thou haſt chus'd the blackeſt, which might be
Set as a foyle to thy brave Poetrie.
So full of uſefull wit, the Birds of night,
Found, caught, unroofted, darkneſſe brought to light:
Shames Enſignes took, vice conquer'd, which no man
Did more than challenge ſince the world began.
Where are thoſe cancel'd wits, that rack'd their verſe
To varniſh guilt, and thatch a rotten herſe?
Praiſe Madams curlings? they thy ſcourge may feele,
And like the Serpent, nibble at the heele;
But cannot wound: like Baſiliſks, whoſe eyes
Dart feeble poyſon. Malice cannot riſe
To vent her venome, as to blaſt a line
Drawne by thy pen, thy name, or ought of thine.
What needs this troop of worthies offer Bayes
To crowne thy fame, who art above their praiſe?
Which periſh not with age, nor canc'ring ruſt,
Compo'd with furie, and the ſpitefull duſt.
Till time gives up the ghoſt, this work ſhall be
Prais'd, pleaſing, honour'd, to poſteritie.

Hen. Limbruke Mr. of Arts Cam.

THE
Second Part of the Nights Search, discovering the conditions of the various Fowles of Night.

To fetch their dresse, what wiles they use,
The Pedlers boy, the State abuse,
A puffe, a murder, one runs mad,
A Sea-man took, what losse he had.

SECT. I.

NOw glorious *Titan* hath withdrawn his light,
Whose presence makes a day, his absence night:
He trac'd the skie, and like a Champion bold
Rode in his charriot all in cloth of gold:
Is now growne bleare-ey'd; or, for want of sleep,
He drives his Steeds into the Westerne deep,
To take a nap: bright *Vespers* traine, whose hue
Enricht the skies, the ground enamell'd blue.
Then *Luna* shines, whose patent was by birth,
At severall times to overlook the earth;
Yet change with age: as soone as they begun,
(For all they had their ticket from the Sun)
To passe and view the world, yet envious night
Cast out a fog, being swell'd with raging spight,
Charg'd them for Spies; sh'ad had them all arraign'd,
But could not bring'em downe. When men complain'd

Of tyrannie, ſhe kept her ſilent den,
Where bodies live without the ſoules of men:
And vertue's out of uſe, unheard of ſins
I ſhall unmaske: for now my Search begins.
Who to your view I ſhall preſent, your mind
Will apprehend, their ſight is worſe then blind.
Where all things are converted into crimes
To let us bloud, and to undoe the times.

Firſt, here's a piece of earth, that ſeekes a place
T'unman himſelfe, ſave onely in his face;
A tender-hearted Bawd, that ne're made whore,
But ever us'd ſuch as were broke before;
(Her conſcience gave her licence) meets this beaſt,
Who had him home: and ſhe at his requeſt
Muſt ſend for one whom he eſteem'd moſt deare,
Her husband's jealous, and ſhe ſins in feare:
He found one in her bed, and with the ſhears
Cut off his noſe, a warning for his ears.
The meſſenger muſt make ſome neat excuſe,
To take a room, but 'tis not for his uſe:
Or borrow ſomthing, pull her by the coat,
Or wink, or nod, or give a private note,
Or whiſper in her eare, or touch her foot,
Or els ſome ſecret ſigne; being willing to't,
She goes with ſpeed, or els ſome Pedlers mad
Pimp Maximus, being maſter of his trade,
He'l ſell her pins, or lace, or daintie lawne,
Fine ribon, gloves, or any thing; and pawne
His ſoule to uſe her kindly, ſo he'l find
His time to ſpeak, and know each others mind.

She comes, he has his fee, and who'd mistrust
Such bugs should gender in a pedlers dust?
Then came a rumbling coach, which made the ground
Fall in an Ague: looking in I found
A fether'd blade, his jacket was of plush,
A curious lasse, who with a crimson blush
Bewrai'd her selfe; her eyes were full and gray,
With ruddy lips, round cheekes, her forehead lay
Archt like a snowie banke, which did uphold *Perfect*
Her native tresses, which did shine like gold. *Beauty*
Her azure veynes, which with a well shap'd nose,
Her whiter neck, broad shoulders to compose
A slender waist, a body straight and tall,
With swanlike brests, long hands, with fingers small,
Her ivorie knees, her legs were neat and cleane,
A swelling calfe, with ancles round and leane,
Her insteps thin, short heels, with even toes,
A sole so straight, proportion'd feet, she goes
With modest grace: I judge her (viewing well)
Too good to go on foot, or ride to hell,
With civill habit, if you had her seen,
You'ld say sh'were lovely, aged seventeen.
This knave is call'd Commander, who did use
To plunder men: those whom he did abuse
He'd call Malignants, he did serve the State
(Not as a theefe) this varlet was of late *Abuse of*
A Pedlers boy, and still a Coblers sonne: *State*
When Countries by this vermin were undone
They made him knowne, by which they gain'd reliefe,
He was no souldier, but a sharking thiefe.

A while about the Citie he doth passe
For Major *Dangerfield*; this comely lasse
Was like to be insnar'd; great meanes, rich friends,
But he had no thing save the coblers ends.
He'l say's Debenter will be shortly sign'd, *The va-*
Had he'is arreares (he would not be confin'd *pourer.*
To private lodgings) paid him by the State,
He'd drink and whore it, at a higher rate.
And to his mistrisse he'd be free and true,
Though he had nothing but an halter due.
This hackney coachman, pimpt in former times
For broken courtiers: he conceal'd their crimes,
And car'd their trash, though sinning on the score,
Pay him but well, he'ld bring 'em down a whore
At any time, whose bloudy sins do crave *The Cour-*
For plagues on earth, or an untimely grave. *tier*
But searching on, I heard a glittering sparke
Tearing the ground with oathes; as I did marke,
He met a civill man, and fell to strife;
This lawlesse ape would take away his wife;
But he the better man, soone laid his bones
Into the sinke, his shoulders felt the stones:
Till dammie boyes came by him; then he rose,
To breake the windowes, and he cut a nose
Which cost him eighteen pence; this daring rout
Will sleep by night, till Bailies find 'em out.
I heard great moaning as I went along,
'Twas one whose sence a Basalisk had stung,
With looking on him; now she'l not be seen
Till all be turn'd to drosse, or els in spleen

She'

She'l melt away his wit: becauſe diſtaſt
Had diſ-ingag'd her ſin, her fancies waſt
And made ſalt humors riſe, the man growes mad
With fierie luſt, the reaſon that he had
Is under hatches, rage and ſorrow preſt,
To ſhare affections with that venome beaſt:
And ſtanding ſtill, I heard a gentle cry,
I turn'd, and ſaw a tender infant lye *A murder.*
Breathing its laſt; the new received life
Was let out by the barbarous mothers knife,
Who wrung its necke, and threw it in a ſink,
The whiter skin made blacker then my ink,
By this vile ſcum of filth; but now ſhe's tri'd,
And ground enough, above the ground ſhe di'd.

Her Epitaph.

Death, hadſt thou done this office at the firſt,
Or if thou hadſt but don't a yeare agoe,
She had not been ſo openly accurſt,
Nor had my Muſe (with fury) turn'd her foe.
The infant had not been, nor had my verſe,
Been for a Tiburne grave, but for her herſe.

Two Pincks did ſpread their ſailes, and caſt about,
They in a harbour found a Sea-man out;
Who ſtriv'd by skill, which firſt ſhall take the prize,
Till one of them did ſcratch the others eyes.
He's my free prize, Ile do the beſt I can,
Thou art for fraught, but I am for the man;
The times are envious, men by ſea, and land,
Are caſt and cut away, on everie hand.

I looſe my cuſtome, 'tis a wittie theft,
To make ſome ſure, while there are any left;
I cannot live without 'em, art not mine?
Then with a kiſſe and a bewitching twine
She ſtole his lungs, and prey'd upon his heart,
The next his mezell liver feeles the dart.

Morall.

Like to the little fiſh which in the ſeas
Doe ſucke the froth, their watry humors pleaſe,
Amongſt the curled waves; they friſk and ſeek
For freſh delights; at laſt into ſome Creek
The ſalter ſtreames convey them, where the tide
Forſakes them unawares, when they are ſpide,
Or from the ſhore, or from their muddie holes
They're took, imbowell'd, caſt upon the coles;
Or in the pan, like traitors halfe alive,
Dye by degrees: for 'tis in vain to ſtrive,
With deaths Lievtenants. So, theſe Vaſſalls play
In waves of luſts, till wrath drives them away
Into a ſtraight, where miſeries are vaſt,
(Not like delights, which periſh in the taſt)
And conſtant dwellers, there they muſt remaine,
Till they are pluckt away, like Traitors ſlaine
And caſt into the flames: but ſtill their name
Shall ſtinke on earth, as monuments of ſhame.

The Devill likes grand Seignors golden vice,
Finding a man melin'd to avarice,
Fill'd with diſdaine: whoſe cruelties beſide
Make him a Tyrant to maintaine his pride.
He doth preferre him to'a loftie place,
As full of envie, as he is free from grace.

He peels the great ones, and undoes the poore
To fill his coffe rs when his golden ſtore
Is at the height, the Turke doth caſt his eye,
To ſpy a fault, he is condem'd to dye
By word of mouth; to ſqueeze his vaſt eſtate
Into his treaſurie, at ſuch a rate
My fondlings live, who are inclind to luſt,
The Devill ſets them in a place of truſt;
Who ſucke the poyſon'd ſweet, untill they burſt,
They'l feel that then they nere beleev'd at firſt.
To undergoe their tortures could they hire,
Or like to Salamanders, live in fire,
Or looſe their ſences in the flaming fume,
Or might their laſting ſoules in fire conſume,
I would decline my task, and ſpare my braines,
And let them take their pleaſures for their gaines.
But bodies, ſoules, and ſinnes in flames muſt frye,
Laſt by conſuming ſpirits never dye.

SECT. II.

The Centinells, the Drunkards note,
One cuts his hat and burns his coat:
Two Devills would defile a bride,
And two to luſt by coyne are tide:
Exchange of Pimps, a harlot ſhent,
A fooles conceit, the Whores intent,
A counter-greeting of the Bore,
How to his friend, one lends his whore.

THe world now hung with black, my charge begun;
The Weſtern Seas had ſwallow'd down the ſun:

But

But Heavens tapers then began to light,
Which did by turnes attend the Queene of night;
The skie was all enamell'd (in my view)
With glittring Diamonds, all the panes were blue.
But straight the clouds those riches did disgrace;
For everie heavenly torch did hide his face.
The sable stormes arose, proud winds grew high,
Which blew my candle out: Alas, said I,
My task is heavie! here's a hard beginning!
Must I returne, and leave the harlots sinning?
My Muse will never brook it; all the best
Are lockt with th'leaden keyes to quiet rest,
Their mantles darkenesse; all their braines do steep
In watrie humours, being rockt asleep
With rough-breath'd lullabies. I held my tongue,
But hop'd the best: such tempests are not long.
Some thriving Bawd, that's newly turn'd a witch,
Or else her father *Damon* (think you which)
Hath rais'd this blast from Hell, congeal'd with spite,
To stop my course, and spoyle my search to night:
Or else some Calve-skin Pander, for a spell,
To keep the doore, hath sold himselfe to Hell:
And this the breath of triumph. But I must
Go now in hast, to over-look my trust.
I from the Centre went, to see how far
My charge extended; then a twinekling star
Broke prison through the clouds: the backer doore
Was open set, and out came divers more:
The lower gates were open'd for the Queene,
Where in their offices the Sparks were seene.

The leſſer lights of Heaven ſtirr'd my fire:
Oh! heaven-borne patience! thee I muſt admire)
Which warm'd my breaſt. Now, now my care begins,
I ſpie an Army clad with ſeverall ſins:
But they diſperſe themſelves, the Front for feare
Turnes back in haſt, to fall behind the Reare:
The Files obſerve no diſtance, and the Ranks
Are out of order, firing in the Flanks,
Will end their ſervice: for the Wings are fled,
Or chang'd to Scouts. See, who goes there in red?
A ſcarlet Drunkard? Strength hath made him weak,
He reeling railes about, yet cannot ſpeak.
His brains are like his guts, you need not feare
His wit; for he has none, but garbidge there:
Though he be three parts drown'd; yet this I know,
H' as a fire that is unquencht, he's burnt below.
He has been feaſted by a man of note,
Who burnt his hat for joy, and ſhot his coat,
To make him welcome. *Tom o' Bedlams* grace!
They drank the hogſhead out, to take his place.
Then by and by appear'd before mine eyes,
Two earth-borne Devills of the largeſt ſize, *2 devils*
Shap'd juſt like men, and cover'd o're with skin,
They broke a doore quite downe; and ruſhing in
Vpon a Bride-groome, with his faithfull Bride,
(Who lying like a Turtle by his ſide)
Would faine have raviſht her; for they did think
'Thad been a Cell, through which there was a link,
Which older Devils made, firſt to convay
Their ordure into hell a nearer way.

From

From hence they go unfurniſht of a whore,
Crying, Confound us, we miſtook the doore.
Then *Next* to them came ruffling on, whoſe haire
Hung downe almoſt a yard, being rich and faire
In his apparrell; he was kept ſo high,
And pamper'd like a Bore within a ſtie:
His pockets full, which made him much rejoyce,
His ſpurs were off, becauſe they had a voyce.
I follow'd on, to underſtand his bent, *A Lecher*
A chamber doore being open, in he went; *freed*
Where was a powder'd Ape, as full of luſt,
As Spiders are of poyſon, graves of duſt.
They intermixt their ſins, to purchaſe ſhame,
He had his golden fee, then out he came.
I met another of a lower breed,
He's like a common Bull; his wife agreed,
To let him out for halfe a Crowne a week,
Who undertakes he ſhall not be to ſeek,
When any Queane is ſalt, and cannot have
A Cur, to give her what her luſt will crave:
The Bawd that entertaines 'em, for her paines,
From the inſatiate whore hath double gaines;
Or coupling in the corners of the ſtreet,
She ſaves a fee; ſo Dogs and Bitches meet.
I went on ſtill, and ſpi'd two Blades together,
One was in Frize, the other clad in Leather:
The firſt was bred in Wales; the other, he *A poore*
Came newly from the Vniverſitie: *Scholler*
His words are not his owne; yet, full of Art,
As in præſenti is his owne by heart.

They're

They're bare and pennileſſe: and this was it
Had made them Poets, had they had but wit.
They'd take a whore up gratis. Frize was vext;
Pimp thou for me, ſaid Leather, Ile pimp next.
But coming by a Hall, I ſaw the wine
Paſſe to and fro in bowles, and for a ſigne
They had a whore to hang, one brought her in
(Which was a Gull) to tempt the reſt to ſin:
She fawn'd upon 'em, ſhe muſt clip and kiſſe;
One wiſer than the reſt perceiving this,
Reprives her to the Bar, where ſhe muſt bide
To kiſſe the cup; and there her caſe is tride.
She ſpeaks her name in Welch; had they not grace,
She would bewitch them with her ſmiling face.
The Pimp that brought her in will make no ſtay,
Can he be merrie while his Punck's away?
When this was paſt, I forward went, and found
A prating Muſhroome, which would faine be crown'd
For wittie deep conceits; and now and then
He has applauſe amongſt the worſt of men.
He ſpeaks by patternes, being verie nice;
And idleneſſe in men, hee'll prove no vice.
He makes his wife his ſlave, which God did make
To be his fellow-helper, he will take
Advantage to abuſe her, ſhe muſt do
His ſervile drudgerie, yet cannot wooe
From him a loving word, nor gentle look;
I reckon'd him with men, but I miſtook;
They eat and lye apart, and ſtill will he
Maintaine ſhe's only for neceſſitie.

Ile

Ile leave this busie pratler (never gripe)
For like a medler he is rotten ripe.
Then I discri'd, a harlot caught a man
To view her in the light: now if he can
Let him avoyd the snare, the Pimp brings up
His pots halfe full, that's common; let'em sup. *A harlot.*
I cannot stay to watch'em, but a Saint
Was on the signe without, in curious paint.
I parted, saying thus, heaven sees your sin,
A Saint without, but Devills are within:
I heard a noyse a Trull was counter-laid,
Her fees for her enlargement must be paid,
By that old Citie-whore: and now they meet,
She askes her money in the open street;
The other mou'd with spleen began to roare
And in revenge she cri'd a whore, a whore:
Thus crying out, she ran away apace,
The old one's bolted in the young ones place.
But then my eares were with a voice oppreſt,
The which to me was stranger then the rest:
And yet he did but whisper this, out-right,
Pray lend my master but your wench to night;
(For his is out of towne) and he will be *A borrowed whore.*
Engag'd t'your worship for the courtesie:
He'l send is owne Sedan. Then he reply'd,
He is my friend, he must not be deny'd.
I see my walke at length, I hope my braine
May find more ease, as I returne againe;
The Sun nere saw such things, the pale-fac't Moone
Shrinks back with shame, my night is come too soone.

Darkneſſe

Darkneſſe it ſelfe is vailed with a maske,
To hide her bluſh, I've undertook a taske
Which none alive will ſecond, that my Muſe
Sings out ſuch theames, which other do refuſe;
The earth beares all, what ſprings from hell growes high,
Th'ayre will not be infected, why ſhould I?
My ſoule abhores thoſe things, of which I write,
My Muſe and I, are both confin'd to night.
My ſearch is but begun, I cannot ſtay,
My walking backe ſhall be another way.

SECT. II.

A ſharking thiefe, how knaves do ſpend
Their Maſters goods, and of the end
That Strumpets have, the Letchers gold,
One lov'd young fleſh and ſtarv'd being old.
One welcomes three, the dance is round,
The Laundreſſe plea, a Charter found.
The Drunkards moanes, the Fiends do riſe,
He falls diſpairing ſo he dies.

BY this, the middle Region was refin'd
The fire-fac't Travellours did in their kind
Poſt through the azure globe: but from above
The diſtance great, I could not ſee'em move.
The Metamorphis'd Nimph, did ſometimes hide
Her face with cipreſſe like a maiden Bride:
But ſuddenly the ſawcie clouds would ruſh
Moſt rudely by them, with a modeſt bluſh

Shee'd

She'd over-looke the world. Muſe do not thou
Sing comick ſtraines, thou'ſt tragick fancies now
To try thy Genius: yonder comes a theefe, *A this*
Who ſeekes at doores and windowes for reliefe;
If he can ſnip a prey, that would redeeme
His loſſe amongſt his drabs, he would eſteem
Himſelfe a happie bruit: and it would be
A coverlet, and preſent remedie
For drunkenneſſe, and luſt; he's very bare,
The ſpending of his money bought his care.
He cannot ſpeed as yet, oh, this a ſpite!
His wife and children have not ſupt to night;
They wait his coming home, had he but ſped
With any thing that would but purchaſe bread,
'Twould ſerve for once: but home he muſt not goe
Till he hath toucht, his ſhaddow tells him ſo.

A little further there a rout I ſpide,
Feaſting and kiſſing; where they did divide
Their Maſters goods by retaile, every jade
Muſt have her ſhare, then ſhe will freely trade;
They ſparing not for coſt, provide ſuch cheare,
Their Maſters would be glad of once a yeare:
They drinke their Miſtris health, and then they woo,
They 'l pay, and ſo away, yet tarrie too,
To drink another pottle we 'l allow,
We meet but ſeldome, let's be merrie now.
With many times adieu, at laſt they part,
Each one with corner kiſſes leaves his heart.

Then meet I with a Trull, moſt ſhameleſſe, vild,
Sh'was of the old tranſlation, big with child,

And

And wants a father for't: now, if she can,
She does intend to shame a guiltlesse man.
Her friends had cast her off: she hopes to find
(Though they are harsh) their neerest neighbour kind:
He being honest, scornes to bribe this whore,
Shee'll after wait to leave it at his doore.
When this was past, a fierce enammell'd Queane
Came raging with her Whiskin, who did meane
To trade in mischiefe; they a match did make,
To indure Hell for one anothers sake:
They newly came from prison, bail'd from thence
By Mutton-mongers, who for recompence
Crave but her love: and now they may abuse
Their neighbours freely; neither can they chuse,
Because it fits their tempers. Oh, abhor it!
They think in time to get a Patent for it.
A Justice with his Letter makes a way:
When that is done, it will encrease their joy.
The next a sordid Letcher, verie old,
Tempting a modest Beautie with his gold:
Though sin had sucke him drie, yet his desire
Did mock his lust into a foolish fire. *A denial*
In his conceit, if he his will could have,
'Twould make him young, and keep him from his grave.
But she being wisely honest, would not fawne
On him, nor's gold, to lay her soule to pawne.
Ere this was past, I heard a woman crie,
Being weak with age; Ah, wo is me! must I
Be faine to beg my bread? I married thee
Being young, for pitie, that thy miserie

Might be remov'd, thee succor'd, being poore,
My wealth I made thine owne; and thou this store
Hast vainely spent, thou slight'st me in my need,
Now I am punisht 'cause I did thee feed.
Another yet? a doore being open made,
Two men together lying by a jade,
'Twas monstrous to behold, they would away,
She past all shame, desired them to stay,
I thought they had been brothers, made a stand,
To see a third man seize upon their land:
And at his entrance if he'l give a fee *Three*
He may be one, for she had room for three: *to one*
Help her but in a case, conceale the crime,
She'l pleasure him at any other time.
Just as I stept away, I lookt about,
I saw a place, from whence came dauncing out
A troup of Gallants, other while they staid,
Somtimes the fidler sung, somtimes hee plaid.
The sparke that led the daunce, was all in blacke,
He cut his capers till the strings did cracke.
And then he stunke apace, they fear'd no weather,
What need they feare seeing they were drunk together?
The dances being past, it was my fate
To see a Landresse, who had been so late
To fetch her Masters linnen, all was husht,
She went in pale, but coming out she blusht.
But making her defence thus (quicke enough)
I by mis-fortune, did forget a ruffe, *A Landresse*
Which I must starch, before I close mine eyes,
And bring it home, before he'l please to rise.

I

I do no ill, mistrust me not, I pray;
I come so late, 'cause he's from home all day.
But after this, I heard (without a cause)
A Pimping cheater raile against the Lawes;
He had for's villanie been lately whipt,
Warm'd in the hand, then shoulder markt and snipt:
O cruell times! hard bound! and thus he sits,
This is an Age, we cannot use our wits.
I pimp, I shark, and steale, (do I amisse?)
Yet cannot be allow'd, to live by this;
A Senior thus reply'd, Do'st thou begin
To curse the Law, which shames thee for thy sin?
Hell gapes for such as thee: then out he flings
Bis pueri senes, is the note he sings.
My Muse with sad conceits begins to scan
The Centinels, where first my Search began;
I heard such moanes as cut my heart like swords,
Consisting more in groanes, and lesse in words:
A dying sinner loath to change his life,
For whom vast hell is with the earth at strife;
He drunk into a surfeit, he must have
The hotteſt wines, there's coldnesse in the grave;
Fill me the t'other bowle, I like it well,
They say such liquor's very scarce in hell:
Alas it will not downe! ah, now must I
Go down, down, down, where I shall still be dry.
Then crying towards the shadow of the Moone,
Away ye horrid Fiends! yee come too soone!
I am not rotten yet, though I am curst,
Oh, do not take me, till I've quencht my thirst!

Earth, wilt thou leave thy friend? and as he cry'd
My hope is gone, he of the ſurfeit dy'd.

His Epitaph.

Forbeare ye tender hearts, let not your eyes
Drop pearles in vaine: h'was wet too much before:
He was a ſink to what the graye denies,
Death yeoman of his celler, keeps the doore.
He dranke himſelfe to duſt, nor can his skin
Keep out the wormes, which kept the liquor in.

I ſee my charge is heavie, what will fall,
In my precinct, when I ſhall ſum up all?
I have a ſtrange beginning! who will ſhare *Complaint:*
With me in paines? or undertake my care?
All kinds of walking ſpirits I muſt meet,
Though they are wrapt in skin: the open ſtreet
Gives all the ſuccour I am like to find,
To cheare my wearie muſe, or eaſe my mind.
Man that was made of all the creatures free,
The beaſts are not ſuch vaſſalls now as hee.
He's borne, he lives, and dyes, yet never knowes
His errand to the world: nor what he owes
To him that fram'd him in his mothers womb,
His ſoule is out at uſe, untill his tomb
Cloſeth upon his fleſh: and then hard ſtones
With natures leave, are partners with his bones,
You have but yet a taſt, to what I will
Diſcover to your view of night-born ill.
I cannot paſſe my ſerious part ſo brief,
'Twill aske ſome time to ſift a Bawde: the thiefe

Will

Will with the rabble put their answers in,
And you shall heare, how they will plead for sin,
With the reply: which turnes the poyson dart,
Then all their actions moraliz'd in part;
Together with the helps I shall apply,
That they may learn to live before they dy.
Without the practice, how those things I know,
To cleare all doubts, I at the end will show.
So, now my Muse go search for stranger sins,
Thy charge is ended, when the day begins

SECT. IV.

A Lord, his traine, the beastly slaves,
The midwifes faults, the catchfull knaves,
One bed-rid lyes, that lost his whore,
The house of sin, made fit for more,
A convert found, his fonder elfe
Doth read his lines, and hang her selfe.
Of Iustice Had-bin once, the nurse,
The spotted dame, Fogs empty purse.

The vapours that were summond by the sun
Into the aire, before the night begun,
Within the cloudie mantles, swell, till they
Break prison in the darke, and force away
To vent their watry humours, to disgrace
The swarme that buz about, whose blacker face
Exceeds black night her selfe; now forc'd with fears
To turne to drops, and then dissolve to tears:

(Not flatter'd into pearles) they fall downe right,
Which do lament the whoredome of the night.
My babes got refuge, where they had releefe,
I sought for ease, which did encrease my griefe:
For, in a troubled slumber, I did find
Strange fearfull visions brought unto my mind,
All tragicall, which did my senses take;
Me thought I saw, as though I had been awake,
A Lord (so call'd) his Traine with worsted Lace
Dawb'd verie thick; his Pimp found out a place
To buy another hell, he's guarded in, *a Lord*
(He having took possession of his sin)
His Honour is no Knave, his queane no whore.
He being a Lord, she's but his Paramour:
His Lordships bare of coyne, but those may have
Protection gratis that bespeak his grave:
With cap and knee, my Lord, at ev'rie word;
His Pander's his Buffoone, which can afford
To break a jest, to make his Lordship merrie;
He's like to those whom trust did make so wearie,
Till they deceiv'd it. Shortly he'l take pet,
Because he cannot run no more in debt,
For cloth, for lace, for beavours, and for silk,
For capons, herbs, for butchers meat and milk,
And other things; my Lord will saile away,
Must Peasants haunt him? let'em seek their pay.
A Midwife, and a Keeper, that did use *A midwife*
To keep all close, belonging to the stewes,
Which had their fees, and would convey the fact
Into a sink, or els translate the Act.

Then

Then came a Farmer with his Beariſh Cubs,
Made ſuch a ſmell and ratling with his tubs,
That night was much in feare; ſuch noyſe they made,
Their language was much fowler than their trade:
With poſtures ſuting, this polluted traſh,
By filthineſſe, do here eſcape the laſh.

What, Bailiffs walk by night? your Guard is ſtrong:
Do no man right, I pray, but all men wrong *Bailiffs*
With whom you deale: Come, make the Plaintiffe pay
For waiting times; the night exceeds the day.
If the Defendant come within your power,
Pray, make him pay an Angell for an hower.
Or you'll degenerate: how's truth abus'd!
Such roguing Catch-polls ſhould be ever us'd.

A weakling taken with a harlots voyce,
And fawning looks, neglects his former choyce,
To cleave to her, who with her venom'd breath,
Divides his heart alive: but at her death
This Sot falls ſick, his ſenſes do decay,
And now his filth breaks out another way:
For he lyes bed-rid, vext, and he doth rave,
All his delights are buried in the grave.

With that, me thought, I ſaw, and heard a Bawd,
The ſituation, and her houſe applaud,
Which ſtands entire; a fob made under ground,
To hide her Cattell, where a catch turnes round,
To let'em in and out: a ſlie back doore,
Where any baſhfull knave, or modeſt whore,
May come and go unſeen; beſides, the leads,
Where they may hide, if they ſhould ſearch the beds.

Iron bolts to ev'rie door, and the staires made
So cunningly, that I can drive my trade
Vnknowne to all: with wanton pictures trim'd
My rooms are all, some painted, and some limb'd.
Like to the paler vermine, whose renowne
Is to creep up, and nest upon the Crowne,
The height of their ambition can no higher,
They with such bawdes must downe into the fire.
A man whose passion had engag'd his heart
To one whose lust had ty'd to act her part,
With him: being lawlesse she her time will spend,
With what's most precious, so to have her end.
But he begin to have an inward eye,
And having drawne the streames of pleasures dry,
The gravell fills his mouth. Thus he complains
Vnto himselfe, I must expect the pains *A penitent*
Which follow sinfull sweets; which are at strife
To seale disgrace upon, then take my life.
Lust steales the name of love: I must abide
Reproach among my friends, on ev'ry side
My sores break out, my childrens cries breed griefe;
My 'state's consum'd, I cannot give relief
To serve their wants. Diseases which I have,
Will car' my carkase piece-meale to the grave.
What helps to make me wearie of my life,
The constant barking of a froward wife, *A froward wife*
Who us'd to vex me, where she did me find,
And spread my fame, yet could not change my mind.
But most of all, my soule a bleeding lies,
Fearing to be releas'd; from him it flyes

That

That must give help (if any comes at all)
Or to the burning deep I downe must fall;
Where hypocrites must dwell, who are misled,
That seek for living fruits among the dead.
She muses, hee so long from her did stay,
And sends these lines to hasten him away.

My love, I long to see thy face,
Oh! come to me! I will imbrace
Thy sweet bosome; let not me *her Letter.*
For want of thy sweet company
Lye dipt in teares, is love growne cold?
Or have those six dayes made thee old?
Or has thy peevish brawling wife
Made thee refrain so sweet a life?
Be not dismaid! when fortune brings
Me gold, with other gallant things,
'Tis all thine owne, to come make haste,
And then the winter will be past.
With all conditions, I can fit
To humour thee, and heare thy wit:
Thy absence makes my heart oppreſt
Which lives in thine, and so I reſt,
Thy friend or not for this world,
H. E.
From my lodging in Lukeners-lane.

His Answer.

Though I was foolish, mad, and vain,
To sell away my heart,

To

To buy a never-dying ſhame
And cheapen laſting ſmart;

By thy temptations, I was drawne
To fall in love with ſin,
To lay my ſoule, my life to pawne
To fetch new torments in.

I now renounce my former deeds,
And what I lov'd before
I hate it; bitter griefe exceeds;
Teares waſh them off the ſcore.

Vaine is thy ſuit, repent and turne,
Thy former waies amend,
Leaſt wrath in thee doth ever burne,
Where curſed pleaſures end:
Thine once, but now his owne.

From Princes ſtreet.

his Letter

Like to an Oxe, when ſhe theſe lines had read,
Which having felt the axe upon his head,
Staggers a while, and gaines a little ſtay;
Then tugs the roap, but cannot 'ſcape away.
Or like the ſwine whoſe throat receives the knife,
He runs about to looſe his wearied life:
She fumes with rage, and ſtares about for death,
The knife's miſtaid, ſhe cannot get out breath;
Without ſome warning: then a rope ſhe got,
And tide it to a beame, made faſt the knot
And ſtretcht her neck: ſo thus ſhe ends her life,
And changes mortall, for immortall ſtrife.

Similiet

Her Epitaph as she hangs.

This lump of clay, the heavens do disdaine,
're-matcht by hell, dy'd over-charg'd with sinne:
angs in the aire whereas the Devills raigne,
arth brought her out, which scornes to take her in.
Her soule's confin'd, within those blacke precincts,
Which will not take her carkase, 'cause she stinks.

ir Justice Had-been, prompting whores and theeves,
turn'd to the slime of shame: whom he releeves
Must weare the badge of hell. A poor mans grief
eing forc'd to lodge a punck, and keep a thief,
t his command for nought: broke out so fast,
hat shame did blush to hear't, till at the last
e told him, had he brought a ----- in hand
e had been eas'd, for justice cannot stand
With bare complaints. This tribe was lately shent,
nd routed too, pray thank the Parliament.
Shame steeld with impudence l one brings his nurse
hat's gag'd for hell, to twist a double curse,
nd challenge vengeance: 'cause his wife lyes in,
hey'll have a chamber writ to charge their sin.
A spotted fondling which begins to swagger,
Cause she's indicted: here the codpiece-dagger,
eceives it name, Fog, with a fierie face,
s free from coyne, as he is bare of grace;
Yet stockt with knaverie) would adjourne this curse,
is words are bribes, because his emptie purse
tands out-law'd, for the fact he did last night,
hough he appears, that durst not come in sight.

Some

Some are not ripe enough for death to pluck,
Nor is their measure full; some others suck
The poyson with their sins, untill they burst:
All turning not are at the last accurst.
Like Toads, or Traytours, being Male-contents,
That from faire day-light hide their foule intents,
But spets 'em in the night. Here they do mind
Their owne undoing, in another kind.
The Panther drawes men with his pleasing sent
Into, or neare his den; when his intent
Is to devoure 'em. So the Devill drawes
The sinners in, where with his sharper clawes
He teares their flesh. Poore creature, that exceeds
The second Devill in his cursed deeds!
Who freely loves the sins, but hates the shames
That follow close, nor will he owne those names.
The Devill lives a Batchelour, but he
Is free from acting of adulterie,
As from foule language; he was never drunk,
Nor did he ere lye bed-rid for a Punk.
Hee'll nere begin, nor pledge thy Masters health,
Hee'd rather give, than steale away mens wealth:
Whom he arrests, they do not take it well;
Yet ere hee'll hang himselfe, hee'll hang in hell:
His sins are spirituall; to act such ill,
He has nor flesh, nor bones; he wants no will.
Where wolves do prey upon the silly sheep,
The Shepherd is unweapon'd, or asleep.
When you neglect your soules, then lust destroyes,
And ruines me on in a thousand wayes:

Moral

Those

hoſe that do whip out time, in the event
Vill croſſes find, where they expect content.
He that above doth place his love aright,
hall find true joy, in ſtead of baſe delight.
The greateſt torment here lyes in the breſt
f him that in his humours ſeeks for reſt,
With reſtleſſe motion. After death he muſt
Meet flaming hot, the ſecond part of luſt.

SECT. V.

Imps feaſting thoſe that hide their ſhame,
What they had, from whence it came:
Their figures drawne. A Searchers doubt,
What wayes to find theſe ſinners out,
And ſpoyle their neſts. Hell is reveal'd;
Vpon what tearmes the Devill ſeal'd.
The Witch deni'd. The hateſull Frie
Turn'd to a dreadfull Natomie.

NIght bribes the greedy Clowds, whoſe Buckrom skin
Tan'd black with envie, drawes thick darkneſſe in;
latters the ſubtill vapours from the earth,
aſſiſt the goddeſſe, travelling in birth,
Vith various changings of the laſt edition,
Vhich muſt be cover'd cloſe: no repetition
f her conception, ſhe conceales her breed
or black deſignes; pray Officers take heed:
Morpheus reſignes his keyes, and ſhe hath preſt
he world to ſilence, who muſt keep a feaſt

For

For men of qualitie: the Jaylors first
Shew kindnesse to their Brats, when no man durst.
The Bridewell Beadle's next: if any slip,
They'll twist it soft, and oker o're the whip,
To make a signe for shew, but save their skin:
They're welcome here; then Marshals men come in;
For passing by the doores they are invited:
The common watch-men, when they are benighted,
Conduct them to their lodgings, and will hide
Faults, persons, places; if they be espide,
The Beadle winks at all: and they must be
Their middle guests to this societie.
Two Supervisors, Justice ..... his Clark
Came blundring, found it, though it was so dark:
To do them service he will be their page.
The others over-see them, and the rage
Diverted from a Bug-beare, they passe by,
With careless looks, and a disdainfull eye.
At last the Hang-man came, (being verie late)
And prov'd himselfe an Officer of State;
'Cause he can help 'em to a falling band
That is in fashion, turne them of his hand
With gentlenesse, he's enterrain'd in love,
He sits below, that us'd to ride above.
The place where they did feast, I'm loth to name;
Seeing I disclose, and they conceale their shame,
Ile note, 't was neere Long-Acre, in a place,
In which Hells fearfull She shall reap disgrace:
If with her Imps she haunt it in the day,
Where Sodom and Gomorrha (as they say)

Receiv

Receive a second being, where in fell
The tragick part, the second Scene of Hell.
Now all the guests are come, and for their fare,
Those that are frinds to darkneſſe, do prepare
Their diſhes ſeverall: for the love they found
From them at ſeverall times, their cheat ſhall now abound.

The Bill of Fare.

A Letter pard'ning ſweet offence,
With halfe a thouſand *Peter*-pence,
As tickets from Queenes ſtreet.

A Court-like diſh of divers things,
Larks, Puets, Teile, a Germane brings
From a child of the Kitchin.

A Lady knowne to divers Peeres,
I dare not name her for mine eares,
Sent a Veniſon Paſtie.

Black *Jenkin* brought from turne-taile *Megs*,
Two Pheaſants roſted full of eggs,
With a charger of ſweet meats.

A Mutton-paſtie full of plums,
A roſted pig, with ſauce, which comes
From the old Cherrie-garden.

A Leg of Mutton, and a Hen,
Well dreſt, for halfe a dozen men;
From *Parkers* Lane.

Two

Two necks of Mutton, neatly boyl'd,
The meat was good, the broth was spoyl'd,
From the Cole-yard.

A Loyne of Mutton of the best,
Two Rabbets which did grace the feast,
From the new Cherrie-garden.

A Loyne of Veale, a curious Hare,
Two Pippin-pies, which was the fare,
From Pickadella and So-ho.

A hanch of Venson verie fat,
(And when they saw't, they smil'd at that)
From Mistresse *Peele*.

A brace of Woodcocks, and a flight
Of Partridges, all caught since night,
From Mistresse *Gray* and Mistresse *Hill*.

Dame *Agur* shew'd she loves her trade,
Who sent two Custards ready made,
With a pottle of Sack.

Moll Cut-purse sent, with Ambergreece,
Two fooles made sweet, worth Crownes apeece,
With a Monkey to make 'em sport.

They had a Turkie rosted browne,
'Tis thought it cost at least a Crowne,
From *Nine-penny Moll*.

Dame

Dame *Lopis* sent the Brewers Clark,
(Who left his way it was so dark)
With a Pigeon-pie.

From mother *Gardner* was convay'd
To them, two Pullets never laid,
With a gallon of Claret.

Pimp Major brought from everie jade,
That was in stock, and kept her trade,
Six pence at least for wine.

Who knowes what that lascivious Imp,
Which swore Saint *George* into a Pimp,
Might send in his Sedan.

To shew what Gammer *Welch* did send,
Or Goody *Grigs*, I should not end,
Till I had tir'd my Muse.

What *Giles's*, *Martins* in the fields,
What Black-mans street, or Kent street yeelds,
Would be tedious to relate.

For ev'rie one within the Line,
Which sent in money, meat, or wine,
Cannot be nam'd.

The Beadle tun'd his pipes, and rais'd his throat,
He hath a mind to sing; his straggling note

Is now reduc'd; but had his necke been strung,
H'had plai'd a fit or two, but never sung.

The Song.

WHat candid sweetnesse is expreſt,
From hearts, by love made free?
Pans Tribe had never such a feast,
Nor such rewards as we.
The bounty of the winged God
Is in his subjects shewne,
Blind follie I make for those a rod
Who traffique with their owne?
Jove, crowne with pleasures and content
With freedom, and successe,
Those pollisht treasures nature meant
Her off-spring should possesse.

Doth any Swaine enjoy a field
Which may not sow the ground,
And reap the fruit which it doth yeeld
With pleasures that abound?
The Spring bestowes her Maiden-head
Where natures fine is paid,
Whose babes had been but hunger-fed
Had *Ceres* dy'd a maid.
Jove crowne, &c.

We'll honour still the free-borne race,
Whose minds to merits move:

Wiph

Winke at, help, free all those with grace
And praise the Queen of Love.
To please young gallants is no crime,
Or put new life to age,
We'll clap a periwig on time,
And he shall be their page.
Jove crowne with pleasures, &c.

Love muzzells envy, puts a bit
Into the mouths of them,
Whose beards hang downe for signes of wit
Yet prize not *Cupids* gem.
Let Supervisors search the aire,
And Paper-scare-crowes flye,
To vent their spleen into dispaire,
Till malice bleake and dye.
Jove crowne &c.

We'l travell dry-shod through the deep
And cool through fierie flames,
Our braines in Helicon we'll steep,
To blaze their honour'd names.
Let *Pegasus* their Sumptures beare,
Parnassus traine attend
Their joyes alive, and Trophies weare
To grace them to their end.
Jove crowne, &c.

When they with wounds of love shall dye,
Fame shall their vertues crowne,

And ev'rie ſtar that's in the skie,
Shall weare a mourning gowne:
The Sun a ſable riding ſuit,
The Moone a Tabbie vaile,
The world (with Cypreſſe hung) be mute,
Grim death, go under baile.
Jove crowne, &c.

The birds which viſit ſhadie groves,
In ſilence droop the wing;
Save *Philomel* which ſorrow moves
Their Elegies to ſing.
The painfull Silk-wormes Maſter-peece
(Perfum'd) ſhall make them ſhrouds:
For balme wee'll rob the pride of Greece,
Cut Seare-cloth from the clouds.
Jove crowne, &c.

With roſes, pinks, and gilly-flowers,
Adorne their monefull Herſe;
Teares turn'd to pearles, with honey ſhowers,
Compos'd with ſtately verſe;
To meaſure out *Apollo's* height,
Which ſtrong-breath'd lofties lines,
Shall ſacrifice the Muſes right,
To conſecrate their ſhrines.
Jove crowne with pleaſure and content,
With freedome and ſucceſſe,
The polliſht treaſures Nature meant,
Her off-ſpring ſhould poſſeſſe.

They're verie joviall drinking healths about
To all their benefactors. E're the rout
Did fall in pieces, thus the clarke did wish,
Oh that my Master had but such a dish!
He loves it deerly, think it is not lost,
His curtesies will countervaile the cost.
But Squire *Dicke* perceiv'd, to whom the slip
Belong'd by right, did hardly feel the whip,
And that his place was wrong'd, which by descent
Did fall to him, took pet, away he went;
To shew their humours (to prevent the harms
They use their names as vizards do their charmes)
Is needlesse here, but all this dunghill breed
Look like the excrements, on which they feed.
A maistive litter! which at carion plucks,
And like the witches, which the Devil sucks; *Dung-*
They live on sins (as Parrators did use) *hill breed.*
And strip truth naked, to maintaine their shewes.
I turn'd, and did a powerfull man espie,
And he began to search as well as I; *Another*
With whom I had discourse: he askt me how *Searcher.*
These things might be redrest? said I, slow
Wise men, but leave to search suspected places
With Warrants; by their habits, and their faces,
With carriage, course of life, will soon bewray
(First try a smooth, and then a rugger way)
Their guiltinesse. One's poor, being over-awde,
Plundred of all, a Cozen to the bawde
Another proves her self: a souldiers wife, *How to*
The third will be, and she is now in strife *finde 'm*

To get his pay: the fourth is in debt;
She lives in private, for the Hounds are set
To smell her out. Another can produce
Letters, to shew her portion's out at use,
And cannot get it in; her mother's faine
To send her meanes, which by her notes is plaine:
But written by the Pimp still, once a week.
The last, of all, her answers are to seek,
And shee'll confesse the vilenesse of this trash,
So you will save her from the Beadles lash:
Send out to seize'em, as they walk the street,
They'll call familiar names, you smiling greet,
With Coze, How d'ye Sir? What's a clock? Good night:
Oh, Countrey-man! what newes? and you invite
To drink a cup: put them within (for state)
One of the Bridewells, or the Counter gate.
The houses you may know, by little cans,
And Pimping pots, from any honest mans.
Where, they sell drink, or of their neighbours bought,
Of everie penny they will make a groat.
Their times of meeting's after candle-light,
You'll find them in their filthy nests by night,
With their foule Traine; trie, finding bad their cause,
Do justice quickly; bribes will blind the Lawes:
Shame partiall Knaves: do (trusting faithfull men)
More in a yeare than has been done in ten.
This pleas'd him well; he'ld use his power and skill,
To honour true men, chase away the ill.
And parting thus, a Rogue, that bought his wife,
Being kin to great men, they might save his life,

And

And make him Seſſions proofe, appear'd before.
When he was paſt, there was behind a doore *Confe-*
The Devill booted, in his hand a ſwitch, *rence with*
Who with a Bawd, a Strumpet, and a Witch, *the*
Held conference; the firſt, as it appeares, *Devil.*
Demands a leaſe of one and thirtie yeares,
To live at eaſe, with mirth (as ſhe hath ſeen)
But his Commiſſion grants but ſeventeen
Vpon a rotten ſoule. The ſecond muſt
Have fortie five to ſatiate her luſt,
And dwell with pleaſures; and the Fiend muſt be
Engag'd to keep her from the Gallow-tree,
And whipping poſts: 'cauſe her bewitching tongue
Muſt bring him cuſtome, being faire and young;
He ſeales for thirtie, giving her a jeere,
I never us'd to buy a ſoule ſo deare.
Then ſpoke the Witch, to have her leaſe renew'd,
'Moſt out of date; which when the Devill view'd,
He laughing ſaid, I will renew thy roule,
If thou canſt pawne me but thy daughters ſoule;
For this is mine. Do'ſt take me for thy ſlave?
Lend time on that, which ſhortly I muſt have!
Feare made her quake. He (to reſolve the doubt)
Will keep her warme when her Indenture's out.
As ſtrangers, flatter'd with deceitfull ſnow, *Moral.*
Fall in a deadly pit; they do not know,
That ruine waits upon them. Like the Aſſe,
Vpon bare quarter to and fro doth paſſe,
Laden with ſpices, gold, and precious ſtones,
Fowles teare his fleſh, and dogs do gnaw his bones.

When they die, slaine, diseased, weak, or old,
They cannot bribe these vermin with their gold.
So Hell-hounds, peece-meale, vexeth everie part,
Which suck their bloud; the Vulture eats the heart,
Their feet make creepers, to support the brand,
Their legs in flames, like hand-irons do stand:
Their bellies fill'd with horrours, and for racks,
To hang their bowels on, they use their backs:
They drie their livers, and they broyle their lungs;
Slicing their Armes, their hands they use like tongs,
To stir the burning coales: in sulph'rie smoke, (choke)
Their heads must hang, with which the throat must
The veines and sinnewes shrink, the ribs must lie
Like gridirons, on which their soules must frie:
Their spirits dye alive, they have their skin
Tann'd brimstone proofe, to keep their torments in.
Th'ad better been unborne, than thus misled,
To be in Hell anatomiz'd when they 'are dead.

SECT. VI.

A formlesse female you shall find,
As well in body as in mind;
Her face, her speech, her breath bewray'd,
Her hands, back, sides, legs, feet, display'd:
She'd faine turne Whore, if not a Bawd,
Her meanes have Suitors; none applaud
Her parts, nor person, in all grace
They leave her, when they see her face.

ERe *Flora's* savour had the aire perfum'd,
Or barren winter was by time consum'd,

The

The teeming earth did promise wealth and peace,
When she was stor'd with blessings of encrease.
The day had morgag'd time to envious night,
Then was a Female brought unto my sight,
Drain'd from the dregs of time; which when I saw,
How she was fram'd t'oppose great Natures Law,
I could not chuse but wonder: then my Muse
Call'd Fancie in, took libertie to use
Her skill, to limb this virgin: you may see *Descriptions.*
How both her beautie, and her parts agree.
You might perceive the haire upon her head
Was took on trust, or purchas'd from the dead.
Her ears were large, and hang'd about with glasse,
She'd shak'em oft, and prick them like an Asse:
Her browes were furrow'd, verie deep, and large,
And fill'd with soyle, ('twas but an easie charge)
They like a Pent-house hung, to save her face
From all mis-fortunes; colour'd with such grace,
Say what you would, her colour would not change,
'Twas Chesnut-like: In maids 'tis verie strange.
Her nose did shew, how Envie doth appeare:
Above 'twas pale: Consumption, griefe, and feare,
Had made it shrink; the other part did swell,
And look't so red, as if it would rebell:
It did disdaine the other in distresse,
That part grew rich, the other poore and lesse:
The lower part turn'd up againe with spleen;
To quiet all, there was a hill between,
Kept downe the fire: but still the graine doth fret,
The holes were made, some of the Rubies set.

Two

Two ſtreames run through't, how ſtrange it was to me,
That fire and water ſhould ſo well agree!
Her eyes perceiv'd this ſtrife about the noſe,
Though they were ſunk, the water then aroſe
To coole this broyle: freſh remedie it ſeeks,
With running poſt it gutter'd all her cheekes,
But all in vain: then both her eyes did bend
Their force to wait upon the lower end.
Though divers waies they ſeem'd to go aſtray,
They view'd the noſe as conſtant as the day;
They altogether ſham'd great *Neptunes* pride,
When that is low, 'tis alwaies here high tide:
Her pimpl'd cheekes made fruitfull by the itch,
Deckt o're with pearles, but were not halfe ſo rich;
They ſtill were ſolid in the midſt of mirth,
For gardning time, her nailes had rakt up earth.
Her breaſts were like two bottles made of leather,
Yet they were twins, for they ſtuck cloſe together,
Some Carbunkles, with Saphires there were ſet,
The ground, ſome yellow, ſome as blacke as jet,
She had one fault, her mouth was too too narrow,
Reacht but from eare to eare, mouth'd like a ſparrow;
Her lips were ſhrewdly beaten with the weather,
And ſo at ods they would not come together:
They ſwell'd with pride, then emulation roſe
Which firſt ſhould catch the droppings of her noſe;
The lower lip did alwaies cheat the other,
And quite forgot the upper was her brother;
Her teeth being kind, did grieve ſo much, that they
Fell in conſumption pining ſtill away.

All

All mourn'd in blacke, each tooth did loſe his life
Dy'd by degrees, and left them thus at ſtrife;
The language that did ſteale out from her throat
Did jarre, and ſound juſt like a Ravens note;
The Sereech-owle in the tone did beare a part,
But not a word proceeded from her heart.

To ſee this Damſell many there did throng,
Her breath did keep them of it ſmelt ſo ſtrong,
Full ſix yards of (Muſe prethee do not lye)
Her breath was ſmelt, judg'd of the ſtanders by.
A fillie cur was for this ſavour blam'd,
He being guiltleſſe, ran away aſham'd.

Her neck was ſable, and decitfull too,
Bearing the head with verie much adoe;
Nor could it once be brought to owne her face,
But ſinke it downe, and left it in diſgrace.
Her ſhoulders ſtill were conſtant at a pinch,
Her head abov'em could not creep an inch:
They held together and did domineer,
Keeping the head with force below in fear;
Her hands were wrinkled, with ſo groſſe a graine
You could not ſee the riſing of a veyne.
And being colour'd of the ſadeſt white
Like mourning-gloves, and yet ſwell'd up with ſpite:
Her fingers were too ſhort to tell a ſum,
Nor could you know her fingers from her thumb.

Then looking on her backe, a bunch I ſpi'd
That was moſt conſtant on the weakeſt ſide:
Twas broad and ridged, yet not much in length,
Made fit for burdens, but ſhe wanted ſtrength.

She'd loſt a joynt being frighted in this fray,
One ſide ſunke halfe a yard the other way:
Her hips did ſhrink aſide, yet they with paſſion
Broke out, 'cauſe fardingales were out of faſhion.
To all the reſt, her buttocks were unkind,
They followed after, but a yard behind;
Her maſſie legges, ſeem'd to be made of wood,
Here's one fault more, the wrong ends downwards ſtood
She on her leg did ſcorne to nurſe a calfe,
The lower end was fuller fed by halfe:
Her fleſhly ancles would not be content,
But ſpread themſelves (think but how ſpare ſhe went
Her corn-fed feet with haſte were never mov'd,
Her heels would ſtrike each others, yet they lov'd;
The ſides were not ſo hollow as the reſt,
The bottomes too did like plaine dealing beſt:
She loves ſquare play, ſhe is even with her toes,
Th'were borne together, but they live like foes.
They will not yeeld, although they are kept under,
They keep true diſtance ſtill a yard aſunder;
Her temper is the loweſt in degrees,
Pray pardon one miſtake, I've miſt her knees;
They did uphold each other in this fight,
Like faithfull friends, yet they would often ſmite;
Her mind was wanton but her face and ſhape
Would coole the luſting of the filthieſt ape.

She was a Fowle of night, what nature did
Lay open to her ſhame, ſhe would have hid;
A whore ſhe would have been, none did applaud
Her parts, nor perſon, then ſhe'd turne a bawd,

But that she prov'd to be the common scoffe,
But as a foyle, to set such cattell off,
She might be us'd, if she could get a place,
For she's as shameleſſe, as the begger's base.
To shun temptation, there's no need to maske her,
Shew but her face, there's none alive will ask her.
Her fame was spread, to see this lasse came store,
But then her looks did fright 'em from the doore:
The rayment on her backe was verie rich
Or for her lands and coine, I know not which
Suitors came in; the wealth they came to woe,
But none could hav't except they'd have her too,
Then they left off their suits, still to this time
She leads a single life, being past her prime.
If I should show her wit, how she will vapour,
'Twould steale my time, besides a sheet of paper:
Her out-side now shall satisfie my time,
Ile blaze her inside at another time.
Look where she is, and view her in the light,
Now Ile be silent, least I shame her quite.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

A Carpenter the Devill turnes,
And in a Brothell-house, he learnes
To pimp about. He falls in love
With two or three that live above.
He had been gentile, to please one where,
Had not the Surg'on sound her sore.
A Cheat, complaints, a filthy damp
From Traytours vaults, the healthy Camp;
A Phœnix found: two sherking Spies;
The Bawds profession, ere she dies.

AFter the storme, the clouds which did embrace
The nights black bosome, flatter'd with disgrace,
Prove Turne-coats on her; or, like Moores in spite,
Being black themselves, do paint the Devill white:
Their shrowds were gleanes & comets. Now their pride
(Their watrie robes drop piece-meale) cannot hide
The passages of Hell: they rather make
A Court of Guard, that the infernall Lake
May have commerce more freely: at the last,
Hell sent a private Spie, who with a blast. *a Spie.*
Mounts to an upper roome, and gain'd reliefe,
Where *Cock* the Coblers Pink commands in chiefe.
His habit like a Carpenter, his hose *His habit.*
Of Beggars velvet, here and there a rose
Brancht out with fruits; his wast-coat verie red,
A plaited band, a cap wrought on his head,
A rule by's side, his apron rugged leather,
His stockings blue, his heeles went close together;

With

With flat sol'd shooes. I drawing neere to see,
His cloke-bag hose were ti'd above the knee:
His hands were brawnie, with a swarfie face, *his*
Much like the Jew that us'd to haunt the place, *person.*
Which ends this bawdie Row. Black *Nick's* their guest,
Who minds them most, when they do mind him least.
He's much in love with *Cock*, and haunts her bed,
He courts her twice, and if her maiden-head
Had been but vampt, sh'ad pleas'd this cautious Spie,
Who fear'd the heat. She did but draw his eye;
He hopes to match her, to encrease the breed *The Di-*
Of *Vulcans* nephews, and the Serpents seed. *vel's in*
He loves the Mistresse too, because she's right, *love.*
He'd be the Jewes corrivall: but to night
The Clerk must boord her first; hee'll patience learne,
Finding she breeds up others for his turne,
And payes the use to hell: when she doth call,
Who hopes at last to have the principall.
This fiend is active, downward he doth creep,
And finds a vassall enter'd, fast asleep, *Custome*
Who had not paid the custome for his sin, *for sin.*
But thought to cheat the Devill; who came in
And like a coarse he winds him in the sheet,
And carr's him out, and layes him in the street;
By rule he measur'd him, as though his doome
Had been to make his coffin or his tomb,
But left him on his face, as if this slave
For's penance, were to scratch himselfe a grave.
When waking he amazed, and affright,
With trembling joynts, fierce looks, with's haire upright

Ran

Kan to, and fro: he by experience found
His lodging was upon the Devills ground;
Where he will build anew, or pitch his tent,
And for this end this carpenter was sent.
He's often in the cellar, through a chink
He'll peep, when *Ginnie* comes to draw the drink,
Sculk in the drinking-rooms, when any whore
Lookes on his face, he slinks behind the doore
And vanisheth: yet knocking neare the rout,
Stamps on the flowre, and throwes the goods about;
Trips up the staires, and finds a sherk a bed,
He walks about the room, then holds his head.
He proves a constant ghuest, both night, and day,
But like the Scotch-man, Deile a groat he'll pay.
The devills grave.

Well, *Nick* mounts higher yet, and whets his tooles,
Throwes down the table, up and down the stooles:
And finds a Pinnace waking, by and by
He takes his axe and lifts it up on high,
Aimes at her necke, and holds it o're the bed,
As though he did intend to chop her head
Off at a blow: if thus he had serv'd this jade,
Thad been enough to've spoiled the hang-mans trade.
A reall warning! and the stroke had been,
But yet she is not blacke enough with sin.
The devills tooles.

She's fearfull, strange, she doth not like his pitch,
If she were old enough to make a witch,
He'd grow familiar with her, then he spy'd
A Surgeon coming on, who must be fry'd,
For being scalded, or the old disease
Creeps through her bones, which can afford no ease:
She likes not his pitch.
The Surgeons fears.

Must

Must have a private search, and who but he
Attend him up? the Carpenter must see.
Sometimes he'd peepe, and by and by he'd pause,
First here then there; and when he found the cause,
Slunk out of sight, the Surgeon saw him first,
Call'd for a Jugge of beere, to quench his thirst;
Tooke him to be the tapster: but in feare
He left his Patient, and forgot his beere.
The Carpenter was taken with this Jade,
And for her sake he had forsooke his Trade,
Pack't up his tooles, and sent away his boxe,
Save that he was afraide to catch the ——
Or to be burn'nt, he could not leave his *Nel*:
Alas, he knowes there's heate enough in hell.
I heard a sudden knocking, at a dore,
None in the house, but choise of goods, and store;
The answer was, No person is within,
They heard one as they saide, and doe begin
To give salutes, to blinde the Neighbours eyes,
They put one in, and car'd away the prize.
Neare to that place, was a malignant crue,
Plotting deceits: (let *Cæsar* have his due)
And spurne at those (like Drones within the hives)
That fetch them hony, to preserve their lives.
Then coming neare their Camp, some swore, som drunk,
Each, two or three betwixt them had their punck:
Some rob'd, some stole, and brought it to their den,
They've license for't, shall Princes loose their men
For want of pincks and plunder, Is it right?
Th'associated pillage made 'em fight.

As they preſerve Truth, Liberty, and Lawes,
So let them thrive: let Juſtice trie the cauſe.
Here's one comes moaning of her ſelfe, her caſe
Is very bad; ſhe cannot keepe her place
For Superviſers. Wenches tooke away
For Bridewell birds. But I ſhall ſee the day
When they ſhall ſuffer for this foule abuſe.
I made amends. Now pleaſures out of uſe,
If ſuch prevaile, we that have pleaſ'd the Age,
Shall have rewards, in Bridewell, or the Cage.
But here's another (which is rare to finde)
Of better temper: formerly too kinde,
Which breakes her heart, makes teares drop downe along
Her paler cheekes: true ſorrow moves her tongue,
Thus, to diſcloſe her greife:
Oh! thou that govern'ſt all things, pitty mee!
That have lov'd ſinners, and forſaken thee!
I've purchaſt ſhame. Oh! thou that giv'ſt all grace,
Shew me thy beauty. let me ſee thy face
In ſweeter termes: and let thy Spirit fill
My ſoule with love of thee, to hate all ill.
Teach me to feare thee, while I draw my breath:
And free me from the ſnares of ſinne and death.
Although in ſinne I've ſpent my former dayes,
Yet, make me now an Inſtrument of prayſe.
Among the fondlings one is founde, here bleſt:
Who like a *Pliemix* will diſgrace the reſt.
I preſs't on ſtill. (my night being ſharpe and long)
And ſpy'd two Shifters, but I held my tongue.
One was in threed-bare ſcarlet, wanting colour;

The

The other was in blacke: as he grew duller
His robes turned gray with age: 'twas my intent
To marke their carriage: to a ſtewes they went.
The bawde was Pocky-ſicke; yet ſpoke this beaſt:
Ah! I am going to eternall reſt,
To ſee my Saviour. I muſt minde my toombe.
Thoſe whom you ſeeke are in the drawing roome.
Goe, take your choiſe, when I am dead and rotten,
Honeſt *Meg Spencer* will not be forgoten. *Meg*
My Girles were free you never knew that I *Spen-*
Diſgrac't a man that left our company. *cer.*
What comfort's this to me! goe, I am ill:
You ſtand in thornes untill you have your will. *Mor-*
Here's miſcheiſe in the abſtract: In their path *rall.*
Sin walkes with hell in ſtate: death arm'd with wrath
Doggs them behinde. The divell keepes his Court
A while on earth, to make his fondlings ſport.
Had hell a quezie ſtomacke, they might bee
Sav'd from her Jawes: or at the leaſt if ſhee
Did ſwallow them: when once ſhe left the paine
(To eaſe her ſpleene) ſhe'd ſpue them up againe,
But nothing frets her lungs: ſhe needes muſt thrive;
The ten horn'd beaſt ſhe ſwallow'd downe alive,
With monſtrous locuſts. ſhe'll her Patent uſe,
To take in all which Heavens doth refuſe
Bawd-like, the Spider, in his Pantry ſpies,
To ſieze the heedeleſſe carkaſes of flies;
And vent his poyſon'd humours. For his hire
He with his brood are ſwept into the fire,
Or preſt to death. As wandring Comets fall

To earth from whence they roſe, (this rabble ſhall
Speede like the Spider) and their ſparkling flame
Shall fall as low as hell: but ſtill their ſhame
Muſt live on earth: Except my papers rot,
Or time conſume their memorie. If not,
Some ſharper quill may chaſe them to their Inne,
When they have onely priviledge to ſinne;
And pleaſures are degraded, by their paines,
Old time conſum'd; Eternity remaines.

SECT. VI

A hatefull ſwarme, the firſt one paſ'd:
The plaiſter'd Crue, ſeiz'd goods, what ſtai'd.
They bib afreſh; the Cripples will:
A bore, the Ruiners lines prove ill.

THe day being driven neare the furtheſt point,
Sence dead aſleepe: Diſcretion out of joint;
Blacke darkeneſſe rul'd with triumph: ſent out ſpies,
To take cloſe priſoners, all with open eyes;
Leaſt they ſhould view the workes (by candle light)
Untill they were exchang'd for bratts of night.
The Starres did feare infection: and the Moone
Turn'd backe with feare to ſee one night ſo ſoone
Should gender ſuch corruption; wherein breedes
Such ſtrange ſhap'd Vermine, and ſuch hatefull deedes,
By them ador'd. Thoſe that love ſlothfull reſt,
Call her ſweete ſhadow, Chamber for the bleſt.

Now, to my worke. I ſcouted out, and found

A fixe fold knotte, One in a drunken fwound
Lay ſtretching by the reſt. One's like to choke;
The third (whoſe heathen weede—turn'd into ſmoke,
Will cure all diſtempers, in the braine,)
Is but a learner yet, The fourth had a vaine
With new-found baites, to cheate the ſilly fiſh, *The*
Had he but catcht'em, he'd preſent a diſh *capt.*
To theſe, his friends. The fifth a groſſe offender,
And judg'd to be but of the doubtfull gender.
The laſt was of the neuter: but to night
Their gender's common in the Coblers ſight.

The luſtfull Ape would bluſh to heare it nam'd,
And brazen impudence would be aſham'd.
They'd ſwear and drink out time: they with their whores
Did onely chaſe his fore top out of dores,
And ſaw him bald behinde: one ſculks away;
But now the reck'ning comes, which one muſt pay.
The Captaine has no coyne: but he intends
To leave his tooles: which with the Coblers ends,
Will ſtoppe a hole. The man that ſuks the weed
Is fluſh, as yet;——and he muſt doe the deed.

The Bill.

No. 1.	For two and forty Pots of Ale, And *Fug* that told the merry tale:	0 11 8.6 d.
No. 2.	For Wine, and Sugar, and for *Nell*, But you muſt pay for what befell	1l. 2 s.3 d.
No. 3.	For Cakes, Strong-water, Smoke, and Wood, Pay all, and there's my Flagon good:	0 17 s. 0
No. 4.	But I forgot, you had at firſt, Of Red-Cowes milke to quench your thirſt. His purſe did ſwell, till he had paid, But then the riſing bunch was laid.	0 1. s.7 d. 1l. 12 s.4 d.

One foaming like a Boare, that's not excus'd,
Who haunts the sinkes of sinne, and he is us'd
For hotter worke. For he goes up and downe
To serve the queanes, their friends being out of towne.
But then, there was presented to my sight
A Master-Peere: the worst I saw to night;
A formelesse heape of rubbish in a Cell,
Almost as darke, and not so hot as Hell:
Yet living baggs. Some had but halfe a face
Some halfe a nose, some none, some, in the place
Had lost their legges, another wants his arme,
Another both: some hands, some had their harme
About their loynes: some wanting eares, some eyes,
Some *Gregory* scorcht; their sight I did despise,
But twas my charge: and none that perfect be
Can be prefer'd to this societie.
They had been Theevs, Sharks, Panders, Pimps & Bauds,
Turn'd beggers by degrees, vers'd in those frauds.
They give instructions: sit as Judges all,
And have allowance from the Common hall.
They point their walks, their houses, when to meete,
Which rob in private, which in open streete;
Who to be baud in cheife: who *Maior Pimpe*,
Who Warden of the hall: and every Impe
Receive their orders from'em, and they doe
Make lawes, and punish grosse offenders too;
They make them pay excise for severall sinnes;
Their Cabbs in graine:—yet, one of them beginnes
To hate malignant humors; and declates,
How they consume their stock; and he prepares

A

A bill against them, but, before twas fram'd
His goods were seiz'd: in th'inventery nam'd.
Primo A dish, two spoones, two earthen pans,
A tub, two stooles, one was his mans.
Secundo A dublet, and a paire of hose:
The coat's at pawne belong to those;
Tertio A pot, a cubbard, and a knife,
A gooding bagge, a coyfe for's wife.
Quarto A boxe of salve, and two brasse rings;
With *Parkers* workes, and such like things.
Quinto A bedstead, and a bed of straw;
A sheete, a rugge: all which I saw.
Sexto With other lumber, being gest,
Will come to nine pence at the least.
Besides, he has convey'd away,
A bowle, a skillet, and a tray,
A trowell, and a paire of tongs:
And downe this Court apparant wrongs.
He stands sequesterd: now he's made their scoffe;
Being a delinquent, who can take it off?
I must goe view my Senators, who have
New plaisterd all their sores: they onely crave
An other tub of Ale, to laugh and prate:
And he shall pay for't out of his estate,
The chiefe of these did surfet, and was ill:
So sicke, at last, that he did make his will.
In manner and forme following.

The Beggers Will.

Inprimis I doe bequeath my pallet bed
My hat, my cap upon my head.

To *Will* in *Newgate.*

Item My pewter dish, my earthen ware,

And sheetes, I thinke I have a paire.
To *Doll* in *Old Bridewell*.

Item My table, and my two joyn'd stooles,
My trusses, and my plastering tooles.
To *Ned* in the *Clink*.

Item I freely give my pleared Ruffe,
The third part of my Housholdstuffe.
To *Moll* in the *Gate-House*.

Item The other two parts I bestowe
(If he will pay what ere I owe.)
To *George* in the *White Lyon*.

Item I give my shirt, an ell of lawne,
Which lye for eighteene pence at pawne.
To *Nan* in the *Marshall Sea* for clouts.

Item My wearing clothes within my Chest,
The Cloke hath beene but nine times drest.
To *Clem* in the *Counter*.

Item My second cruch, scrapt lint, fine clouts.
An ounce of pills, or thereabouts
To *Giles* in the *Hospitall*.

Item My better crutch, my plasterd rowle,
Boxe-legge, receits, and bowzing bowle.
To this *Worthy Assemby*.

As for my soule, I cannot tell
Whe're tis for heaven or for hell:
I leave it to the venture.
A private dunghill for my grave,
My corps cast in, by night, I'd have:
Least *Cavies* Idolize my name,
Or envious Roundheads blase my shame.
I leave it to your wise consideration.

Being

Being joynt Executors, this my will
Within two monthes, you must fulfill.
Or my Ghost will vexe you.
But this disaster parted all the rout,
T'will cost you paines agen to finde them out;
A Poetaster comes, I taxe his crimes.
And yet I feare he'll lash me with his rimes:
The'are rough, nocudence, no, nor Accents made:
They trot as hard as any Carriers Jade.
They keepe no measure, nor no swelling grace,
Know no begining, nor no ending place.
He racks his muse from sence, nor doth he know
How to sing cleare aloft, or smooth below.
Art, wit, or fancie, raptures, or conceit,
They are not guilty of: but stuft as streight
With ekes, from ofs, for toos, ands adverbs weight.
As is the horseleech, or the humble Asse, *the Poetaster.*
Whose sides bagg out, when newly fetcht from grasse
His prayses make them rich. He hewes their feete
Like his that rim'd for farthings in the streete.
Yet they have tooke a *Pinnas*, who's at strife,
To cut the throate, or poison his poore wife.
But feares the Wardens check: (her love of late)
That walks to's *Manner* once a Month in state.
He's carr'd a begging paper to a Knight, *Begging.*
Or else he had bin study'ng all this night
They made his worship laugh: yet gave no chink:
But stuft his belly, and his braines with drink. *rima*
His rimes made privy seales: he sweares(being vext,)
He'll write no more to Knights: a Lord's the next.
He rail'd, and reel'd about, untill he found
His heels betray'd his fancies to the ground:

But no learſhon: poore Poets old excuſe!
His ſtock was witte, before 'twas put to uſe.
As is the Ty-dog mad, when he breaks looſe, *the Mor-*
Here ſpoiles a ſheepe, and there he pulls a gooſe, *rall.*
Yonder a calfe. With rage and venome preſt,
He'll bite a man, as well as teare a beaſt.
At laſt he's caught; he dies: they ſeize his skinne;
He ſuffers for his fact (yet free from ſinne)
Being hard to take, ſo violent and curſt,
Before he dyes, he's knockt and mangled firſt.
Such fit ſimilitude may blaze your ill;
To open view: although he made no will.
You all had chaines, by nature, on your necks;
Nor did all ſpring from dunghills: but had checks
With ſweeter education: Natures tye
Is broke by force: from what you learn'd your flye:
Make ſpoyle of what you finde. inrage a while
You pull and teare: and growing ſtill more vile
By ſinne you'r caught: burnt, mangl'd and diſgrac't,
Diſarmd, unnoſ'd, diſmouth'd, and ſome unfac't.
The Law doth ſeare, whippe, crop you: at the laſt
Death takes you as he findes you: having caſt
Your naiſty, plaiſterd corpſe into the dirt,
Your ſoules grow mad, where they can doe no hurt.
I pitty you. Ah! muſt your helpleſſe ſoules
Dwell ſtill in teares and groanes! where hels black roules
Ingroc't with all your ſinnes, lye in your ſight!
To gnaw your wounds, but never ſee the light!
Yet all ſuch torments, with the ſoule, in ſummes,
Dwell but as earneſt till the body comes.

SECT.

SECT. IX.

A Courtiers vileneſſe is bewrai'd,
His ſhirt exchang'd, a ſmock diſplai'd
With Armes upon't. Another time
A basket-wench rennes his crime.
The grated Vermine. Rebels land
Shall buy no ſinne at ſecond hand.
The drunken duſt, how ſhame breaks in;
A wooden legge prevents a ſin:
The guilty Prieſts, a Drab denyes
Her husbands names: the Judge then ſpyes
A glorious ſight. The young mans greiſe
The olds mans ſhame muſt have reliſe.

THe Ayre as now enlighten'd with a gleame;
Night winkes at all: or being in a dreame:
A gentle calme glides in: ſhe's over-preſt;
Or having tooke a ſurfet at the feaſt,
Quicke eyes tooke licenſe to behold the crimes,
That are in faſhion, with the charge of times.
Darke Cloſets rifled, bearded Comets ſeene,
Backebite Dame *Venus*, flatter with the Queene.
Yet breaking truce with ſinners, they devide
Their ſhame by equall portions. Then I ſpi'de
A Squire of *Phitos* Court, to recruite his ſin,
A ſacke of female kitchin-ſtuffe tooke in
To greaze his way to hell: and his intents
With imprecations, oaths, and compleents,

were

Were varnisht thus—Dam-me I've a minde
To court thy louzie carkase: be but kinde,
Let me imbrace thy corps: it is my will
To search thy closet: doe not take it ill:
Be not so coy --confound me thou art strange?
Sir, did not your Grandfather build the exchange.
You are a worthy Gentleman: but I
Am far unfit for your sweete company;
Being old, and dirty, and my dressing tore
My smock is nasty, ragged, course and poore.
Hang't thou shalt have my shirt, thy smock I'le mak
Gentile in love: I'le weare it for thy sake.
They are gone to bed: but how the bold fac'd night
Did turne. their baud, I,m silent; when the light
Had out-fac'd darkenesse, she had quit the bed:
The Squire gropt, but kissing *Shiffe* was fled.
He rose in rage, inquir'd, searcht about,
His shirt did wipe her heeles when she went out.
He in her Frocke as blacke as hell did looke;
Arm'd with a patch of greene, the left arme tooke
The azure trophie, time did now uncase,
The divels fondlings. In another place
The bloudy colours, from an ancient house,
Where the pale issue of the passent louse,
Lye couchent bend, in Sable-field: but he
Is rampant, gules. a trope of victorie.
A badge: the Mullet seated on the breast
A Woodcock moulting: squire had lends creast
But the supporters were (this vesture bote)
An Ape in chaines, a Letcher burn'd before.

Som

Some laughing said, this garment was astray:
The hang-man was too proud, to bring 't away.
When crosse-lane *Peggy* dy'd: and some did thinke
It was the divels dish-clout, dipt, in inke.
Iericht, with Bluekins tippet (being seene)
Or Lady *Katherines* flesh-bag trim'd with greene.
When this choyse robe, was by the Landresse found,
The Reliques was reserv'd, the Creepers drown'd.
Let greife in, Commans waite upon this Sparke:
His onely shirt is lost, which cost a Marke.
Who'd be the divels Vassall, if he must
Be alwayes cheated by a sinners trust?
This Blade recruites agen: his Courtly minde
Was to salute, disgrace: where he did finde
A water'd clod of dust: whose dropping nose,
With waper eyes, and matter, did disclose
Deformity, if selfe: her broadsold feete
Bore natures greife, which at the heeles did meete:
Lust was in travell, when the watch-man found
These lovely Babes where sinne with shame is crrownd.
His wife, who heard the fame, spoke thus: you'll have
Your name, and state goe mourning to the grave,
Attended with disdaine. Reproach will live
To staine your family, when death shall give
A challenge to your dust: who will display
His fable flagges and storme your house of clay.
He answered her, let me have pleasure seal'd
For tearme of life: such acts may be repeal'd
Ere saucie death be arm'd; I'le leave my lust
When drops of pleasure cannot drench my dust.

Quit

Quit scores with me. But she with teares replyde
How vaine is that revenge, where sinnes abide.
With miserie! but Justice gives releife
To plunderd hopes: and will cashcere my greife,
When wounded joyes shall muster; [dead] they must
Have all free quarter in the easie dust.
Had I had portion, comlinesse or wit,
I had not beene so fond, as to have quit
My freedome thus: or sold content to borrow
A dying Prop, where strife breedes living sorrow.
This stately Courtier scornes to harbour shame:
But impudence is guardian to his name,
From the assaults of modesty. And he
Will have the rules of hell for's libertie.
Could they but bring his Pinnace under saile,
Plac't next the herbe-wench, with her dagl'd taile,
He in his scutchin'd robe; and one by vote,
To read this history, and blaze the cote,
Set neare th' exchange, about the goiden fleece,
If they afford this Shew for pence a peece,
The Turkie-Rom, the double footed Hart,
The dancing Horse, and *Hocus* with his Art,
Being joyntly, or a part put out to use,
Flags to entice the eyes, can neere produce
Such choise of penny-customers, who'd see
This cominicke story with the tragedie.
A Nest of water-rats with dropsie swell;
Grin through the grates: being like to challenge hell;
One tamer then the rest, as he did stand
A spie for death, cause he would come to hand

He

He was allow'd such priviledge to have;
As suites the confines of a living grave.
This Vermine spies a Fury, one, whose haire
Had quit the skull: her face with age and care
Was tan'd and furrow'd deepe: her purled skin,
Was pleated, for the grave rat brings her in.
To stocke his crimes, must arme this fondling up,
Salutes the *Lady*, having dranke a cup.
He'd grow familiar, she begins to fight,
And scratch his face, and had a minde to bite,
But that her gums lay follow: in their play
Her robes were dag'd, her legs were wreath'd with hay.
Hell hath her ends. All those Percullos Imps
Under her privie seale, became their Pimps.
Despised scums of vice! whose putri'd slime
Makes living vengeance ripe before its time.
One who pretends she's plunderd, with a breife
Will beg in print, to keep a Pimping theife;
Came creeping by. A bloudy rebell then
VVho had acquaintance with Committee-men,
If they'll befreind him so, to save his land,
He'll scorne destruction at the second hand:
But give a rate, for any, new-found sinne,
Though but at usurie; as when he did beginne
To murther under seale. Now here's a Punk,
Seiz'd by a lumpe of clay: being stag'ring drunk
VVill slake his hell-bred heate: this rake-shame must
Spawne plagues in grosse, and gender guilt with dust:
But found her limping. VVhen he brought her in,
She could but give bare quarter to his sin

Her

Her wooden legge, or turne-pipe, being ſtout,
VVhich like a Barracado kept him out:
And when it was unbract, with what belong
To this Rare-peece: ye buckle and ye throng,
Fell out uporrt: which skirmiſh did betray
Their twiſted ſhame, before they went away.
This damoſell could not walke, untill by Art
The Stump was reconci'd: nor could he part
From his beloved Criple. Greedie hell
Caſt lots with death, when her Choyſe member ſell,
As *Pars pro toto.* All this Pot-cat kinde,
When ere they paſſe, they leave a ſtinke behinde
As did ye Vxebridge Prieſt, who needes muſt wooe
The guard of death, when he did lye with two.
One that joynes iſſue with an heire of ſhame,
Forſweares her husband, and denyes his name,
Keepes him in priſon, Angells teach the Judge,
He'll take no bale. And now ſhe will not grudge
His Clarke a feeling: reaſon out of ſight,
He weighes downe ſorrow, cauſe the womans light.
An aged father breedes his childrens greife,
Truthes perſecuter, and a bloudy theife:
Props ſhame with crooked ſhoulders, and invites
A Leaſe of Strumpets to his baſe delightes.
VVho tyrant-like promotes a damned cauſe,
To baniſh right, and poyſon wholeſome lawes.
Strong parts ſpeake plainely, when they grace the divell,
'Tis grace, not knowledge, keeps a man from evill.
Fleſh genders luſt, which flaming torments breedes,
Without manuring, as the earth doth weedes. *Morrall.*

Which ſhelters vengeance; and contracts the crime
Of yeares of pleaſure in a minuites time,
With laſting ſhame. That foole, who for a bowle
Would ſell his coate, deny'd to pawne his ſoule.
Theſe venture all, they've not enough of life.
To taſte all ſweets, before the fatall knife
Strikes all their joyes, like beaſts (for what the've eate)
Their parts devided, pay for all their meate.
When reaſon is engag'd to beaſtly ſence,
A man turnes bruite agen: and will commence
Loſt by degrees: ſaluting death he ſpyes
Curſſes breake priſon, where his pleaſure dyes
For hells burn't off'ring. In which horrid frights,
His Soule hath tooke her leave of all delights.
His duſt committed; till th' impartiall toombe
Vpon the ſummons leaves him to his doome;
Wher's juſtice is compleate, and hell-hounds have
Eternity to guard their burning grave.

Sect. 10.

A Cell of Sharks, the Tutor made,
A falcity, doggs learne his Trade,
He bayts his snares with Rings and Glasse,
To catch the weake. his words shall passe,
To Cheate the Doblt, his strange decipes
An other finding newer baites,
He spies his times, hides ill with Lies,
And rides the Circuit of the Size.

ABout the second Watch I saught the places
Where Sharkes did meet, the Starrs had hid their faces
The vapours were congeal'd into a cloud
With which the shades of night had made a shroud
To wrap poor mortalls in: I being in feare,
Did heare a whispering, but I knew not where.
But gaining courage guided by the sound,
I, spi'd a Cell, where cheats were under ground.
They did divide the spoyle, the lots were throwne,
All had their shares, but no man had his owne.
They brag'd, and told each other how they sped,
How some did take the prize, while others fled.
The Tutor first begins: I have to night *The tutor.*
Mett with a booty; as I tooke my flight.
I was discover'd I began to cry.
Stop, stop the Theife; to catch him who but I?

I gave my prey unto another man;
I was diſcharg'd: But finde him if you can.
I have a Dog, that can convey a purſe — *The dogs*
Vnto my fellowes, what am I the worſe? — *rode.*
If hee be tooke, I'm gone, that did the deed.
If hee be hang'd I've others of the breed, — *A tu-*
I raiſe a tumult as I walke abroad, — *mult.*
To help my Friends. I'm partner with a Bawd.
Ther's not a tearme, but I doe underſtand
Where Gameſters lye; with ſome new ſlite of hand
I get their gold, new plotts I doe deviſe, — *Sherkes*
To gull the world I baite 'em freſh with lies. — *plots.*
To caſt a Coular'd chaine, a ring of braſſe,
An empty purſe, or Braceletts made with glaſſe,
To catch a Country-man; or draw him in
To pick his purſe, perſwade him we are kin:
To name his Neighbours, or to give a ſlip
Before to make him fall, while others nip
His purſe away, to cut a Cloak-bagg downe,
Theſe trickes are ſtale; and common in the towne.
I borrow money, other men are bound,
I give my name in wrong: nor am I found — *Wrong*
When 'tis to bee repai'd: and thoſe agen — *names.*
Take names of worth, but they are not the men.
I doe procure it, they will ſet me free.
'Tis but to give the Scribe a treble fee.
Or any Heire, not come to his eſtate,
Yet would be brave; paying but twice the rate

I'le bring him one shall fit him, if he will
Morgage his Land: he payes me for my skill:
But if the Land be forfeit, then my paines
Will be rewarded with the greater gaines.
He that has no invention, is not fit
To use this Trade, 'twas Industry and wit
That made me perfect; things both old and new
May help our traffique, and uphold our crew.
But new conceits I love, pray how was he
That had the Carte, and then the Pillorie *New conceits.*
Prais'd and belov'd? his witty projects made
Him both gentle, and master of his Trade.
Faine I would give you rules, and tell you how
To cast your plotts, but i'le say nothing now.
Just, as hee stop't, another broke his minde:
I Walke the City round, and where I finde
A doore left open, if it be but late,
I slinke in quick, and take a peece of plate,
Or any thing of worth: if any spie mee
I'le hide the prize, and sweare they doe belye me.
Or els to cover and prevent all feare,
I aske for such a one, or call for beere?
I tooke it for an Alehouse, if the maid
Will be familliar, I am not affraid
To trye agen, perhaps i'le be her Suitor,
To bring my ends about shee'll be my Tutor.
If all be closse, or if there be a hatch
Where I have laid my gin, then I must watch

Wal

Walke to and fro, untill I finde the ſlight
To turne the wards; it is a hateſull ſpight
That they were e're devis'd, tha're alter'd ſtill;
I am to ſeeke; I ſtrive to learne the skill
Where they be ſold, when I have found the way
Let me alone, i'le quickly take my prey.
I change my walkes: for where I ſhew my face
This night; the next i'm in another a place;
Valeſſe it be full tearme: then I doe ſtand
To take my turne in Fleet-ſtreete, or the ſtrand.
I were a Livery, and what I can
That men may thinke I am a Serving-man;
I counterfeit a Letter, or a Bond, *Counterfeits.*
A Juſtice-warrant; any thing will ſtand
When I am wittnes too't, if I am found
'Tis but a whip, or ſnip: twiſe turning round
Will weare it out; and for a ſingle fee
I'le ſweare a lye, as others will for mee.
At any meeting, revelling, or feaſt
I make up one, when I am neatly dreaſt
Who will diſtruſt me? then I take my time
To ſnap a bone, as perfect in the crime.
I goe to Church; if there I doe but ſpye
A man that on the Preacher hath his eye,
I'le ſeeme as ſtrict as hee; and with a grace
I'le ſhake my head and looke upon his face,
Till I have got his purſe, or cut his cloake,
Then looke on ſtill: I care not what is ſpoke.

Nay, more, I ride the circuit, cheat and ſteale
Before the Judge: I ſee him every meale,
And taſte his fare: and yet I ſcapt till now:
I keepe a Whoore or two, can tell you how
I ſpend my meanes. Come, riſe, let us diſpatch
To quitt this place: for yonder comes the Watch.
I would have told you more; but now I muſt
Commit my skill and ſecrets to your truſt.

As doth the ſnake in Summer firſt begin *Morall*
To ſhift his hole, and then to change his skin;
So, doe thoſe Vermine, when the light appeares
Change place and skin: their necks, backs, noſe, or eares
Will beare the brunt on't, they'l be made a prey,
Sweepe down the Cobwebs, th'Spiders creepe away.
Thoſe noyſome flies that on the dunghills feed,
And buz about, though now they are agreed
To read to one an other, yet they'l finde
The meat they feed upon, will make'm blind.
They lay the Sceane above ground: but they make
The *Vult et exit* in th'infernall Lake.

They crawle together, growing ſtill more vilde,
If one repenting dies, their plots are ſpoil'd.
Humanitie with them is out of date,
All Right and Juſtice, till it be too late.
They praiſe themſelves for ſin: what art from Hell
They can but learne (till there they come to dwell)
Shall be prefer'd, but ah! how ſoone they ſlide
Downe to their mourning ſhade! who can abide

To

To reckon up their woes? such cheating slaves
Are brought full soone to their unwelcome Graves.
Who can rehearse the miserie that they
Doe meet withall towards Hel? when all the way
Is full of snares and feares, which will undoe
Their Mirth at best: it's joyn'd with torments too.
A serious looke, the shaking of a hand,
A Dogge that barkes, or any thing will stand
To let in shame upon them, all they get,
Or makes them lasting Gins, or weaves a Net
To keepe them for the triall: when they must
Be sent from whence they came; from thence to Dust.
And as at first, when cheating they begun,
They lov'd the darkest shade, and loath'd the Sun;
Now darknesse is their portion: where Death have
Tooke all their cheats to purchase them a Grave.
Poore Sotts! that were bewitch't! you did but finde
A smacke of Hell: what follow'd on behind
You could not see till now. Oh let my Quill
Display, not teach, nor countenance such ill!
Oh, that my Muse could shew what horrid state
Hell meetes with sin and death! Then sinners fate
In mournfull measures would be ever sung
By all that love the Muses; every tongue
Would move in order. But my slender quill
Sutes with my Muse, compared with my skill.
Vile sinners are in life and death distrest
Read but this Epitaph then take your rest.

The Epitaph.

TWo Sharkes being dead, alive did feare no wea-(ther
They pawn'd themselves or any ill they'd doe:
The Hangman put'm in a hole together:
Their hopes are earth, now they are private too.
Beware of Theft, 'twill raise a horrid blast.
These sherking Rogues did cheat themselves at last.

SECT.

SECT. II.

A Constable is wise and grave,
He sucks the sack: and he will have
His guilty neighbours scape the Lawes,
The beadle, doth bewray the cause,
Another Strikes where he's abus'd
His valiant guard, his wit accus'd.
His love, his teares beget a feast,
His wisht preferment is expreſt.

I Searching went, my buſines to diſpatch,
And on a ſudden ſpi'd the common watch:
The Conſtable being grave, put me in feare,
He ſhould have bin the Officer laſt yeare: *The pet-*
His rule was by example, when he ſpoke *ty ſide*
One halfe was ſacke, the other part was ſmoake *Co-*
The Taverne was his centre: he muſt have *ſtable.*
The other quart, and hee's an errand knave
That will not pledge him: if a hanſome Whore
Be guilty found, her freedome hee'l reſtore:
She promiſe to amend: but this the caſe
She payes her fees; he points a private place

To

To meet about it, if the Bawd can make
But Friends, or money, hee her part will take
And quitt her for this once: to please her then
Hee'l winke in love, or not come there agen.
The Wine converts him to a cunning spie;
None but his favorites dare looke so high
As such out landish liquor, some a sleepe
Are, while the vermine round about them creepe.
The rest are in blind Ale-houses; for they
Have pence a peece to spend, and when the day
Begins to peepe they cannot see it: why?
Tobacco's cloudy smoake doth charme the eye:
And they'l be all Gentile, before they goe:
For they can prove this weede makes all men so
The roaring smokers, they me thinkes doe mocke;
Let him be judge that's in the Porters frocke.
Some are bewitch't to this out-landish weede;
Nor can they leave, though that with fire doe breed
A sulphrous smoake, that representeth hell.
Is't Christian like? the Heathens they can tell
Is't wholesome in exceesse? those that did strive
T' exceede, found death too soone: were they alive
They'd fright you from it, if men were not blind
They would not to the Divell be so kind.
Ti's not Gentile, this cause the hangman try'd;
Who tooke it but the day before he dy'd.
Mistake me not! tis lawfull to be us'd
As Phisicall: but not to be abus'd.

I have digreſt, where ſtay'd the Watch ſo long?
I cannot find: now I may hold my tongue.
Peace, yonder ſits the Beadle on a Bench,
His candles out; and he ha's got a Wench,
With whom hee's to familliar, that's the cauſe
He frees ſuch Imps contrary to the lawes.
Hee'l over looke their Cells if you complaine,
(What would you have him cruell) ti's in vaine,
Hee'l plead their cuſtome: urge me not; muſt I
Doe what my Predeceſſors did deny?
And for the Conſtable, hee's much in feare:
For thoſe that went before him, yeare by yeare
Did paſſe ſuch things, perhaps they got a fee
They be our neighbours, and we muſt agree.
We muſt be mercifull what er'e we doe
That's harſh to'ards them, we ſhould repent o'nt too
Ah, no redreſſe! I muſt goe ſearch agen,
Some honeſty may dwell among ſuch men.
Well now I am in hope: for heer's a man
Reputed juſt: accuſe him if you can.
Make roome for Maſter Conſtable: for he *The terrible Co-*
Hath purchas'd wiſdome by authoritie *ſtable.*
His Staffe is neatly painted; he will frowne:
Keep off; or els poynt black hee'l knock you downe.
Hee'l uſe his power freely in his fit
What ere you thinke, pray queſtion not his wit.
He naturally knowes his charge, in's place,
And he can judge before he heares a caſe.

His

His confidence is ſtrong, his fancy weake;
His eyes are dimme; yet he can ſee to ſpeake:
When once his toungue is dipt in Spaniſh oyle
It runnes all byas, though his heeles doe faile.
Submit your ſelves; for he's a man of might:
He is no ſpirit though he walkes by night,
He's Juſtice in the Letter, Friend, or foe;
If you offend him, to the Goyle you goe.
His Guard attends upon him, weapon'd men,
Affront'em not, for feare they turne agen:
But there's no danger with an angry word
Th'ir laid, at leaſt wiſe if they ſee a ſword.
Miſtruſt him not, to differ place, or time:
He being prov'd not guilty of the crime,
He'l make you ſmoake; one fearing he had wit,
Was ſhrewdly ſhent, the Officer was quit,
From ſuch a ſlander, th' others fain to make
Confeſſion of his fault: he'l warning take
By this miſchance; and promiſing to men
Ner'e to be jealous of his wit agen.
The Magiſtrate being pleas'd, doth at his charge
Make him a feaſt, and now he will enlarge
His words beyond all meaſure: nor can I
Attend upon him till his eyes be dry.
Oh tender heart! how ſudden is thy change!
The Juglers ſlights are common, thine are ſtrange.
Nature for changes, forced now muſt be
To worke by night, and take her aime from thee:

If full mouth'd winter thus can charme thy yeares
The gentle ſpring will melt thee into teares
He that to buy a jeſt, can ſpend his ſtore,
I'de have him ſtill collected for the poore.
When honeſty and wit are in a fright,
Who ſhall we find to overlooke the night?
One is a foole in groſſe: the other dreames
His retaile's juſt: yet both are in extreames.
A fooliſh pitty makes a hellhound worſe,
And juſtice out of joynt, will ſpurne and curſe
All reaſon out of uſe, who can but ſee
Tis hot and cold beyond the ninth degree?
Video et doceo, perhaps I may
Find better orders, when I ſearch by day.

SECT.

Sect. 12.

A Doctor kept a paultrie Jade
His Will, being dead, shee'l use his Trade,
With his Receipts what she can cure,
The Will is prov'd, she must endure
To take the shame, and leave the rest
Her husbands sorrow is expreſt:
Of her Reply, shee'l print a Bill,
To blaze her Art, and hide her ill.

I Went forth right and saw within my Round
A great Phisitian; but he was not sound.
His wife was old, his promis'd love was dead:
He shun'd her company and loath'd her bed.
Although his love was dead, yet he did strive
With all his Art, to keep his Luſt alive.
A young one he must have and she must be
A married wife, that their Adultery
Might be compleat, he'd keep her in despite
Of all Gain-sayers: through the Divells right
He claymes her for his owne, her husband may
Bewaile his wrong; but can not find away
To right himselfe, for they have both agreed
To stand for Hell and Death: his heart doth bleed;

But

But they rejoyce in gliſt'ring all their ſinns,
To make exchange. Now Infamy begins
To blaze their ſhame abroad: yet they do ſleight
The breath of men; they will not break delight.
But the Phiſitian (though his Trull was by)
Did fall downe ſicke, ſo ſick that he muſt dye.
Now farewell all delights: Thou muſt endure
The Launce of Death, thy art can finde no cure.
But he had time to mourne before he dy'd;
Yet, in that time, his Doxie from his ſide
Would never part: his wife and Children may
See him for once; but there they muſt not ſtay.
He makes his Will, and gives unto his Whoore
Halfe his Eſtate; his caſt off wife's left poore,
With all his off-ſpring: Mourning ſhe muſt have
T'attend his Corps unto his ſilent Grave,
Wherein he's layd; and there he muſt abide
Paſt cure, untill his ſecond Act be tri'd.

His

His Epitaph.

THis peece of art that lye beneath these stones,
Maintain'd a Whore, until his flesh was dri'd
With death she suck't the marrow from his bone:
He broke his marriage vow before he dy'd.
He liv'd a Gallonist; but now he must
Like Paracelsus only dealt in dust.

THis halfe excextrix hath gain'd great skill
She'l practice Physicke, to remove what ill
Is gender'd in the bladder: (she'l endure,)
But *Morbus Gallicus* she cannot cure.
She cures the stone exactly, with your paines,
To helpe you to the running of the reines.
All fleshly humors with her art she'l nurse;
And last of all, she'l ease you of your purse.
She'l car' her medicens home: with all of which
She'l help her Husbands head, and make him rich.
And when the will is prov'd, she will begin
To temper druggs, to countervaile her sin.
She'l have her share: these goods were hers before
And those she had for playing of the Whore:
Some petty things she beg'd: whose are the rest
The will declares: he swore he lov'd me best.
I was his darling, should not he bestow
His goods in love, where he most love did owe?
But when she was examin'd by what right
She claim'd her Legacy, she did indite
Her selfe for her offences: she was faine
To beare away the shame, and leave the gaine.
The reason's found of his distempered mind,
The Letcher was bewitch't lust made him blind
No share but in the sin, that she can have
Now shee's gone weeping home if she can crave,

Pardon for this offence, she will not misse
To act another sin as bad as this.
But when her Husband spy'd her, he began
To vent his grief: Alas! is any man *the Husbands*
In my condition? Thou, hast broke thy vow *grief.*
Together with my heart. Ther's nothing now
For me but shame and sorrow, till that day
When gentle Death shall wrap my corps in clay.
Keep at a distance from me: For with fear
My heart will bleed afresh if thou comest near.
The Adulterer and his gold did ravish thee
From thy dear Love; whose death hath set thee free.
Then she reply'd: In vain your tears are spent.
Did you but know the scope of my intent,
You would not grieve: 't was not for want of love
That I did leave you: 't was his art did move
Me to embrace his love: I have a way *the Whores*
That when you know, you cannot chuse but say *defense.*
My time was well employ'd: He and his Books
Have taught me skill, to know men by their looks
And what disease they have; and can apply
To every one a present remedy.
And I can keep them underhand for gain,
And make them give me gold to ease their pain.
To bring in Customers I'l print a Bill:
I do not mean to barrel up my skill.
If you do thrive, by whatso'ere I do,
You may forgive my fault and thank me too.
Blush all you Birds of night! was't ever heard
Among the Fowls, that fouler things appear'd? *moral.*

How are thy sins made snares? the World denies
Thy breath free passage: the Heavens twinkling eyes
Look through the vaile of night: all things that be
(Made loving friends) are enemies to thee.
Do'st mock thy Maker, that thou sell'st the Truth
To change thy Lover that should guide thy youth?
When need did drive thee home, thou in thy sin
Didst wrap thy self (by pleading) further in.
And he that kept thee with his soul endeavor
(Cast off his mate, which none but death should sever)
Will find the Serpents egs which sin hath hatcht
Among the brood; he'l then be overmatcht.
After your pleasures, you may feel the smart,
Always together where you cannot part.

Sect. XIII.

Two Spawns from Earth, want shirtes their crimes;
A Damsel stole with borrowed vimes:
Her usage, he prefers a pink,
A bed at bord: being like to sink
She makes her moan; what was reply'd
By both, all favour was deny'd.
She's sent away, they grow more rude,
To vex her more they do conclude.

When I perceiv'd the cloudy scales of night
Compose themselves against the glimmering light,
(Thos

(Thoſe that did plot to'ards Hell, did make no ſtay,
For all't was dark, they could not loſe their way)
With artificial light I did deſery *a ſcum.*
A ſcum boil'd out of Earth: when he came nigh
His breath gave warning: but it was not good
H'was ſeen, felt, heard, yet was not underſtood.
The kennel ſpew'd him up; but you may rake
For ſuch another, till your hearts do ake,
And loſe your labour. Being drunk he reels;
And if his guts were hang'd about his heels
He would not vex me. Stay; here comes his whore
With open mouth; but ah! ſhe cannot roare,
Becauſe his caſh is gone. He wants a wife:
If you know any weary of her life,
Pray wiſh her to him: money he muſt have
To keep his Queen: then let the hungry grave
Open his jaws upon her; what cares he?
This Trull will ſerve for his neceſſitie.
Well, they muſt part a while, till he hath got
One to releeve his need; and then the lot
Will fall to her again. If he can get
Some begging Poet, he will die in's debt
If he will write him verſes: but he muſt
Keep it all private, not betray his truſt;
They muſt be call'd his own. His Love they'l break,
Though he be drunk or mad and cannot ſpeak.
He ha's betray'd a Girle, with much ado,
That's honeſt, handſome, with a portion too:
To a poor home ſhe's brought. Within a while
He brings one to compet with her, as vile

As Hell and ſin can make her; ſhe will be
Miſtris of all. Did you but hear and ſee
The paſſages, you could not chuſe but grieve
For her, whoſe caſe, death onely may relieve.
To trick his Jade up fine, he ſpends her ſtore.
One night he lies with her, three with his Whore.
She has her chamber furniſh't, and her meat
O'th beſt cut firſt; the Woman's fain to eat
What ſcraps the Punk doth leave. Oh! moſt unkinde!
Then to her Husband thus ſhe broke her minde:
How have I bought my ſorrow! This is bad!
You drew me in to marry what I had.
You keep a common Strumpet: How can I *the Womans*
Behold her but with grief! You ſet me by *grief.*
As out of date. Intreaties cannot move
You from your ruine, to embrace my love.
Death, do thy office: for I cannot have
A fitter chamber then a quiet grave.
With that the Tib o'r-heard her, and began
(Firſt to the Woman, then unto the Man) *the railing*
To break her ſpleen: am I the mark, which thou *Whore.*
Doſt ſhoot thy ſpite againſt? Thou knowſt not how
To help thy ſelf: but thou ſhalt finde e're long
I'l be reveng'd, and make thee hold thy tongue.
I'l have the rule of all: and make thee know
He's mine above ſtairs, though he's thine below.
We two are old acquaintance: and will be
Kinde and familiar in deſpite of thee.
He's ty'd to me in love; why ſhould not I
Pleaſe him at bed and board? Wilt thou deny

Our

Our love free courſe? Be ſilent; or I ſhall
Trouble his goods, and make him ſell'em all.
He's mine by promiſe: Shall I be controll'd?
H'had ne'er took thee, ſave onely for thy gold.
What ſayes my Chuck? Speak; Didſt not thou begin
To draw me with conditions unto ſin?
Now I am thine for ever. Let not me
Be grumbled at by ſuch a one as ſhe.
Let not her howling move thee: let her frown,
Another time, I'l pawn her Tammy-gown.
Then if ſhe'l not be warn'd, this I will do,
Sell her beſt petti-coat; and then we two
Will make a merry-day, while her fond breath
Shall waſt away with crying after death.
He having matter lay about his cheſt, *his reply.*
Which ſlep't quite through his maw, along his breſt
Into his wind-pipe: When't had bluſter'd long
It ſhoke his jaws, and ſeaz'd upon his tongue,
Which made him ſpeak: I am not mov'd to caſt
Away my ſweet; my love is ty'd too faſt
To be remov'd with breath: Though thou art pain'd
Through fruitleſſe humors, and the Law's have gain'd
A part of what I had; I will not leave
Her company, till time doth me bereave
Of ſenſe and motion. If thou ſtill wilt nurſe
Such jealous fancies, thou wilt make me worſe.
Be rul'd by her, and do not me miſtake;
Thou ſpeedſt and far'ſt the better for her ſake.
Do'ſt think for dyet I would be ſo free,
Spend thus at home, but for her companie?

Then turning to his hag, he thus did ſay:
I am no turn-coat: I've devis'd a way
To fit her in her kinde: I'l ſend her down
I'th' Countrey to her friends: although they frown,
What matter is't? expences will be large,
There let her leave her load: 'twill eaſe my charge.
And when ſhe's gone, we'l ſell the houſhold ſtuffe
To ſpend the coyne; we'l have delight enough.
When ſhe ſees this, and hears what mirth we had,
Being wilde before, theſe things will make her mad.
Poor ſoul! th'art bought and ſold! but do not fear,
Thy Hell is all on Earth, their Heaven's here. *moral.*
Thy ſufferings will be ſhort. Repent and pray;
Thy next will be a ſweeter marriage-day.
Ye curſed blind-worms! if ye had your due
Hell ſhould be hotter made, and brought to you.
Yo've wrong'd a harmleſs ſoul. Your ſins will be
Chang'd into plagues and then you'l diſagree.
Thou *Incubus* how cans't eſcape the curſe
That's laid below? and *Succuba* is worſe.
Your hateful brood being paſſent in their ill,
Keeps off the Muſes from my humble Quill.

SEC.

SECT. XIV.

The Usurer and Broker stept
Into a hole; how dry'd: Where kept
The ruefull Court. A Witch descry'd:
A deviliſh Lawyer in his pride.
The ſpeechles bell. A trap, two ſtroges:
A Beggar doth adopt two Boges.
The vapouring Rogues, new Traitors found:
The Guards neglected in the Round.
A Welchmans guilt much ſorrow brings:
Though he complains, his Cozen ſings.

SO many changes in a night! before
The meadows were like ſallet ſugger'd ore,
Now change their party colours: and the Ice
E'rewhile was proof of ſteel; yet in a trice
Fals in conſumption: as it doth decay
Ingenders treach'rous pits, which do betray
My 'nocent Babes. The Broker doth begin
To try the depth; the Uſurer ſteps in
To free his Debtor. To be dry'd they went
To White-croſſe-ſtreet. The Uſurer had lent
The Broker many a pound; and he (no doubt)
Had lent upon good pawns the money out.
This houſe had pawn'd him divers pretious things;
Silk Peticoats, and Gowns, with Diamond rings,

Hats, scarffs, and dressings, handkechers of lawn:
Their smocks in time of trouble went to pawn,
To line themselves within. When trading fails,
Poor tyers Hackneys cannot pawn their——
The Usurer is fearful (not of sin)
Since *Story* broke, he'l call his money in: *in Cow-croffe.*
Yet, having seen the pawns, without abuse,
He'l have gratuity besides the use:
For feelings now and then, he'l be content *the conditions.*
To take'em here; forbear the money lent,
So he be shot-free. Trading will increase,
Seing cut-throat huxters sue to make their peace.
With that I met a man that rung a bell, *the Court in*
Who thought the Marshall-Court was kept in Hell: *Hell.*
Chief Officers were sunk; the Marshals brains
Could find no grave: the Steward left his gains.
The Cryer and the Jaylor, with the rest,
Which to recrute their Den were judg'd the best,
By Devils are preferr'd. How they agree,
You'l hear more on't; for *Web* is gone to see.
A Lawyer known, that died, of *Lincolns-Inne*
Appear'd in sight, as living he had bin;
Who spit out haile-shot: which did fall so fast,
That made us run. A seeming beauty past,
And kept her distance: as we trac'd the ground,
His bell grew speechlesse: having lost the sound,
So, Dumb yet still remains. And in a fray
A Witch, Cat-like, did carr' his Dog away.
Then one that had been carted for a bawd,
Complain'd she was betray'd: yet did applaud

The

The plot of those that bargain'd for a Whore,
And made her pandereſſe to keep the door,
Till *Toſſes* came, from one whom ſhe did ſue,
Who call'd her ſo; but could not prove it true, *carting.*
Till ſin conceiv'd again; which with conſent
Made proclamation for her puniſhment.
A man compleat in habit, dogg'd a Whore,
Aſham'd to arm her: but he mark't the door
Where (fetching of a compas) ſhe went in:
He follow'd after; not aſham'd of ſin, *dogging a*
So it be private. Sorrow meets with ſhame, *Whore.*
To ſeize his perſon firſt, and then his name.
With that I heard three voices ſing with grace,
The Mean, the Treble, and the Beggers Baſe: *the Beggers*
Two of them vapouring Citizens, both known, *adoption.*
Adopted by the Begget for his own.
He'l bring them up, that they may grow more vile;
Let them but ſin, and he will beg the while
To bear 'em out in't. Then this Grandy ſings,
A publike Maunder; deals with private things.
Still moving on, I heard a hideous brawl;
Their chief Commander had been a Corporal,
But now caſhierd: they ſwore and did proteſt
They're Majors all; a Captain was the leaſt: *Major.*
And ſo they paſſe, they live by theft; and rore, *Corporal.*
With ſack-ſplit-oaths: Each Vaſſal keeps his Whore.
Horn was as great, though he in New-gate try'd
The Virginals, till he at Tyburn dy'd.
But in a Fog, I heard a twiſted breath,
As though that ſin and Hell had brawl'd with death.

Fors

For's lazinesse: but near the Dammee crue
I durst not venter (as I lay perdue)
Being twice in such (so like the Devils) hands,
I bought distrust; I do not like such bands.

Methought I heard these words; *composition*

We have compounded for the blood we spilt,
Which ran as Round-heads; purg'd away the guilt
By a confiding Oath. And now we may
Without distrust, walk weapon'd night and day,
To find out Royalists, about the Town, *hold Rogues*
Upon Commission, pull the prisons down,
To make a gallant party. If we please
To raise a stock, we'l plunder, rob, and seize
On any thing. Our projects being hid,
Will better thrive then ever *Waller's* did
With *Roiler's* wit. Our fortunes all are crost;
Let's swear each other: 'tis but labour lost.
We're all made men, if this invention thrives;
Or at the worst we can but lose our lives.
We are despis'd. We may (our Father tels) *desperate*
Break faith with Hereticks and Infidels. *villains*

What sores may break when knaves are discontented
It's best to doubt, to have the worst prevented.
Their water's low; they double in like shrimps;
As witches are forsaken by their Imps.
When Justice meets them; so, these twice sold slaves
Are left by wrath, to vengeance-purchast graves.

Then to the line I went, to walk the round;
Where fast asleep a Centinel I found:

I check'd him thus; Thou art cipher'd Ginne, *neglects of*
To let knaves out with ease, and villains in. *the guards.*
The guards were carelesse, with their matches out;
Some drunk, some absent, others marcht about
In grumbling postures: wheels, when wanting liquer,
Do move as free, and turn about much quicker.
They take a charge, but not discharge the thing;
An old acquittance goes for *Manwaring*;
A cancell'd bill, they passe in *Reading*'s name.
They read their ignorance, and passe their shame,
When folly's in the front. They love to look
As did the tripe wife in her guilded book,
Who could not read a word. But this they say,
They do their duties as they have their pay.
Their wages small; yet this their hardest lot,
That sometimes they are paid, and sometimes not.
The Master Gunners run so far in debt, *neglect of*
Their credits die. The poor Matrosses get *pay.*
Their poverty renewed. Ah! then thought I,
The Stewards are unjust. Truth must not die.

At my return, I found within the Citie
A Welshman thus complaining: *Was cret peete*
Her shod pee' pus'd! Py taffee Wass not cood,
Her leck py Cownt-men, put in shink ap Wood.
Her Shentilman ap Wales, *was take creat scorn,*
Her peticree Was 'print, 'fore Prute was porn.
Was take it feree pad, ap all her Nation: the Welshman.
Was porn a Pritan ap te told translason.
Her was ap Morgan, *shinkin, tafis shile,*
Was trug cret Muntaine ore, 'pove fife-score mile;

Was

Was set her cusse, trink two pot cud ale;
Po merree, kiss her cosh: was tell a tale.
Was learn cod Englis; *her put take her turn:*
Shen was put ich pefore: put now her purn
Was loosse her filsar. Was her cussen true?
Was say, her was ap leiws, ap shones, ap hue;
Put her was lye. Was naty pag, pe pold;
Was make her purn pelow, her, pove was cold,
Was let her co? py shon ap Morcans *sole,*
Was no cod sashion put her shink in hole.
This brazen morter-peece, within the cage,
Enough to fire a Town, bites in her rage;
Yet she could gnaw the grates. At what he said
Is no whit mov'd; but laugh'd: being not afraid
Of whip, nor halter. When sh'ad chav'd her tongue,
Her humors dropt upon't. She sings a song.

A SONG.

1. *Though lovers be in prison cast*
Or cag'd like birds, our pleasures last,
To dresse delights, a pleasing Theme:
Which fools ne'er know but in a dream.
Fala, falare, fala falee;
Tandan, tandare, tandan tandee.

2. *What though we chatter in the cold?*
One night cut peese meal, brings in gold
To charm the lock; then we will flee
Beyond the Welshmans *Pedigree.*
Fala, &c.

3. *If* Windbound troubles, *grievings move,*
We'l drown'em in a draught of love:
And Candie *ev'ry lovers kisse,*
To purchase magazins of blisse.
Fala &c.

4. *The prick-song warblers of the Spring,*
Our pleasing strains in Winter sing:
While dull breath'd fancies whine and play
Sad Lachrymæ *and* Weladay.
Fala &c.

5. *Let gold-worms morgage ease and mirth,*
To rob the bowels of the Earth:
Their Spawns will sacrifice, and cast
Those drugs to Venus *at the last.*
Fala &c.

6. *Conserving joyes, We feel and see,*
As Schedules of a Jubilee;
Make Stoicks Dumb, our Courtlike playes,
With silken credit guilt our joyes.
Fala &c.

7. *Imp't, lured by the noble race:*
Let Clowns that play at prison base
Be mockt from pleasures: sence will find
Though Cupid *be, we are not blind.*
Fala &c.

8. *Fair*

Fair day-light courts, as black hair'd night,
Our private hand-maid to delight.
Though we are tax'd, our love is free:
And that's the Subjects libertie.
Fala &c.

The drowsie Lethargie! which makes men crye,
Yet, Juggles laughter out, before they dye. *moral.*
Sinners have running gouts; though they rejoice,
Their tone is like the hateful scritch-owls voice,
Presaging death. Their language doth foretell
The doleful sounding of the passing bell
Rings pleasures to the grave. Their ill-got gain,
Like Traitors bribing death, whose menstrous staine
Age cannot eat away. Their conscience sits,
As Judge and Jury; while their dear-length wits
Are charg'd with treason. All their sences chain'd;
As theeves before a Sessions are arrain'd
By one another: those that there are cast,
Receive their doom, before the've sentence past.
As Dammees in half-starv'd Garrisons, are beat,
To drown complaints, when children cry for meat,
Their lusts raise tumults, reason to controul;
Or parling cheat the hunger-starved soul
With fond relief. As slaves their freedom sell
To tug with *Charon's* oars themselves to Hell.
And as they row, they spie upon the way
Their sins by day-light, march in battel-ray.
Where wrath's in commons, they arrive at night.
Black vengeance, feed, sequesters saucy light.

SECT.

SECT. XV.

A Taylors shred pluck't out of Hell
Is trim'd, a Monkey loves her well.
She's free to all; the Monkey frees
Her open shop: whom in she leers
Are lost. But one whose nose is sunk
Gets much in favour with this punk.
Conceit of want doth make her sound;
The gold all gone, they change their ground.

O This a busie night! who, who comes here?
A shred pluck't out of Hell! Can shreds appear
In shape so like a woman, charming men?
Yes, and bewitch them too, till Hell again
Doth close upon her. Now 'tis open, hush:
How came her Concave to be wrap't in plush?
She chop't for broken peeces, (being free)
The serving-man gave no such Liverie.
Perhaps the flower that fore-runs the Spring,
For quick commodities might change the thing.
Twas Mistris *Mandlins* gown, when she was fry'd
For *Morbus Gallicus*, she did divide
Her clothes about in parcels: this was cast
On her at th' Baudy-house where she dwelt last.
A Monkey bred beyond Sea, full of lust,
Found out this Apish shred: alas! he must

Needs

Needs couple with her: married they must be:
The forrein Beast is ty'd to miserie:
For when he had fulfill'd his foul desire,
The home-born'd Ape grew common: and her fire
Sparkles into a flame: Who will, may have
This Hell, his Bier, to cart him to his grave.
Her fulnesse made her worse. She bends her will
To taste and relish every thing that's ill.
When he perceiv'd his fate, thus he began
To breath his meaning somewhat like a man.
What have I done? How fatal was my birth!
I've travell'd far to seek a Hell on Earth:
Which I have found too soon. But ah! 'tis fit
That punishment with grief should teach me wit.
Did I redeem thee from a house of sin
To make thee honest? and dost thou begin
To treble up thy shame? Thou wantst for nought.
I sold my self too cheap: but I have bought
My crosse too dear. Hell is not easily drawn,
(Unlesse a man will lay his hopes to pawn)
To promise pleasure. I am laid at stake
For shame and sorrow. How my heart doth ake!
She hearing this, reply'd: Pray blame not me:
It was your fault to seek for misery.
I did not think but that you would consent
That I might pleasure friends: you have content:
You have your times; the choice of all my store.
What harm is't then if I can pleasure more?
You know what house I liv'd in: Did you think
To have me free from sin? Did you but wink

We

We might agree: If you'ld have had me cleer,
You'd not have come to such a house; for there
We'are season'd to't. I cannot leave it now:
I'l venture all I have, if you'l allow
That I might have return, from *French*, and *Dutch*,
With *English* too, that you may do as much:
That will be *quid* for *quo*: thou knowst my mind:
Come, little Monkey, every Beast in's kind.
With that he steer'd away, and fear'd no weather;
But with more shame then ever he came hither.
Now, come, my Customers; for I'l be free
Of what I have. I'm set at libertie. *free Trade.*
She's such an active Whore, to all that come,
As if sh'had learn'd it in her mothers wombe.
She wears out one; another, he is lost;
A third's consum'd; she jeers him for his cost.
Then meeting with a shifter, who of late
Maintain'd a nastie Whore, till his estate
Was sunk much like his nose: and she had bin
Under the lash to suffer for her sin,
Indicted, and arraign'd; and then she fell
To tune aloud the fourth part of Hell.
He being flig'd again, he chatters out
Like to a rook in Spring: and flies about
To find a place to build in; where he brings
His new-found Whore, whose taile is full of stings.
But there the nest is made, till he had spent
His present stock, besides what to him lent.
And now this Ape's grown sullen; she's not well:
What, nor a place, nor lands, nor goods to sell?

I want a petti-coat, a bagge, a jewel,
Another thing or two. Such beasts are cruel.
He pitty'd her, and answer'd with a smile,
Thou shalt have those; but thou must stay a while:
I've such a thing to sell: I know not how
To sell't but with great losse, as times go now.
He going forth, she drops down to the ground;
Dissemblingly she fals into a swound: *a swound.*
And being taken up, she hangs her head;
Hold's in her breath, as if she had been dead:
Closing her eyes, and slobbering out her tongue:
'T had been some hope on't, had she been so long.
Her neck like Tyburns blossoms had been, if
It had been long enough, or half so stiffe.
But her's was plyable, to turn about,
Forward, or backward; all might find it out
That 'twas but fained. She was throughly vex't
'T was done no neater: but she'l mend the next.
He hearing of her fall, came in again; *his coming.*
And when she was reviv'd, she did complain:
Ah, ah! unkindnesse! Ah! 't will break my heart!
Alas, I love too much! the more's my smart.
Unkindnesse kills me. Oh! my heart is broke!
She drop't down tears like charms. Then thus he spoke:
What, should I be undone? wouldst't have me strive
(To humour thee) to dig my grave alive?
Thou hast bewitch't me. What he spoke was true.
The Jade had her desire. Sh'was trim'd anew.
Within a little time. The Land was sold:
They laid it on a while, until the gold

Was

Was sent from whence it came: then with a jest
She cast him off, as she had done the rest.
She's taken up and coatch't unto the bath:
But still she's follow'd with a cloud of wrath.
How she did truck in common, with what men;
Perhaps I'l tell you, when she comes agen.

SECT. XVI.

One vampt With plush, lives not in awe;
Is found a Letcher at the Law.
A married man; four Queans he'l have:
One very young, one tall, and brave;
The third for wit: the fourth she must
Be full of stuffe to stake his lust;
They live apart, for each his wife:
One with his worship fals to strife.

WHen in my search Queen *Phœbe* cast a blush,
I turn'd aside and saw a thing in plush,
As black as *Hell*: his lust was in the prime:
He had a Gown (too long) did hide his crime.
His wit was put to Nurse; his face was blew,
And all his upper parts were vamp't anew.
His garbidge kept him moist, because his taile
Was lately bottom'd. Till his purse doth faile
He'l wear a Ruffe, a full-crown'd Beaver-hat;
Loves he the Law or no? guesse you by that.

He'l give you words, as good as gold can make;
Give him his way, advice he will not take.
He's wise enough for Hell, pray let him stand:
His practise of delight lies underhand.
He's often distant from his native place;
I'l shew the Cels he hants, then judge the case.
His wife and children in the Countrey bee;
They hardly will beleeve (nor can they see)
What Hell doth daily venture on his side;
Nor how he bought a Whore; sweet Mistris *Bride*
She must be call'd: He doth consume his state
To keep her to himself at any rate.
She's young and fresh, her hair brown, like a berry,
And full of mirth to make his worship merry.
A second he must have, that's full of wit;
She gives him great content; for that is it
That he stands most in need of. She is thin,
Small, low, and active, with a milk-white skin.
The third that he doth chuse is very tall;
Well joyn'd, upright, her fingers long and small,
With yellow hair, her eyes being full and gray,
With cherry cheeks: This modest Quean will stay
Her turn and never grumble. But the next,
If he but break his day, she's shrewdly vext.
She's very fleshly minded; full of stuffe,
With greasie brawny limbs, and tongue enough
To raile him to her self: as free from fear
As honesty: but not from —— stand clear.
He visits them with papers in his hand,
As though he came to state them in his land.

He

He ſpends his time, his ſubſtance, and his life:
And every one of theſe goes for his Wife.
He takes a part, for every one a Room,
Maintains them at his coſt, and he's the Groom
To each of them by turns. When he would have
A laughing bout, the pleaſant Wench he'l crave.
When he would hear new fancies, then he'l dwell
With her that with her ſhame ha's wit to ſell.
When he to ſin with ſilence has deſire,
The talleſt baſhfull'ſt Whore muſt quench his fire:
But at Spring-tides, his luſts ſwell high: then ſhe
That's full of ſtuffe ſhall have his companie.
Although a part their ſeiz'd, they do forecaſt
With joint conſent to help him to his laſt.
One of his Tibs, full of the luſtfull itch,
Did kick and bite; I need not tell you which.
He ſtaid away too long; nor could ſhe have
What ſhe deſir'd: Though ſilence he did crave
It could not be obtain'd. They fell to ſtrife
Till 't was perceiv'd they were not man and wife.
The'are hiſt away from thence: But then her mother
Does prove their baud, the whisking is their brother.
But tell him if you durſt: What Law affords,
Or violence, to make you eat your words,
Shall not be wanting. But the common fame
Is mounted up to blaze their ſin and ſhame.
The ſeveral Neſts are found: now he muſt be
Purg'd by the Law. But ah! the miſerie
Is not bewail'd: No means can give redreſſe
T' a man that's morgag'd to his wickedneſſe.

He keeps his truce with Hell. He doth bereave
Himself of hopes: till Devils give him leave
He cannot change his course: or till grim death,
Age, want, or sickness doth attach his breath.
Had he so many souls, as many lives,
As he hath Whores, for his supposed Wives,
He'd venture all: but is not one too much
To lie at hazard for a World of such?
Thou common vassal! what dost mean to do?
Thy various sins, breed several Torments too.
Thou canst not live here ever: thou must have
To end delights, a prison and a grave.
Y'ave change of rooms for death, being dead alive:
One room in Hell may easily hold all five.
Though sin remains there still, there's no delight:
Souls dwell with horrour and eternal night.
But where's the scurf of age, that is so vilde
To turn a Baud? and offer Hell her childe
Upon such easie terms? I would not ask,
But that she has performed such a Task,
That Hell seems innocent. What did she hatch
A brat for living shame? then make the match?
Her sense, her nature she doth now controul,
To give the body life, to damn the soul.
Her shame is dy'd in grain: why write I thus?
She's fit for nothing but an *Incubus*.
There is a Pander too; I'd call him in,
But that he is so overgrown with sin;
Being made an Officer, his humours swell;
He'l curse and swear the devils out of hell.

His

His counſel coſt him nought: his ſiſters man;
Call him but ſo, he'l ſwear but by her fan.
I cannot talk with him, he doth ſo ſtink;
Being parboil'd twice, and overcharg'd with drink.
I'll leave you altogether, till my Pen
Be ſharper ſet, and then I'll write agen.
If I ſhould ſhew her wit, how ſhe will vaper,
'Twould ſteal away my time, beſides a ſheet of paper.
Her outſide now, ſhall ſatisfie my rime;
I'll blaze her inſide at another time.
Look where ſhe is, and view her in the light:
Now I'll be ſilent, leſt I ſhame her quite.

SECT.

Sect. XVII.

A young mans vision, furies rise,
His mothers ghost, her words, his eyes
Disclose his grief: Into the fire
They thrust his soule, the sinners heire:
His soul returns, his mothers train,
And whiter Devils come again:
Some pull, some call, he found his tongue;
He was releas'd, but 'twas not long.
A Devil grave, fain'd love expreſt,
More wanton some then all the reſt.
Plaid, ſung, and danc'd; while he did pray
The evil ſpirits ſtunck away.

WHen through contempt and wilfulneſſe to ſin
Man forfeited the day, he did begin
To ſide with darkneſſe: and to Hell he'd creep,
Unheard, unſeen, when Conſcience was aſleep.
She leaves the charge to *Cerb'rus*; made no ſtay,
But ſends out ſtrength to meet him in the way.
Who marching on, deſired ſinful leaſure;
Becauſe the way was ſweet, and full of pleaſure.
But luſting miſchief ever comes too ſoon,
look't for, in the morning; if at noon,
-eal'd to the minde; or if at night,
thought of. He ſhould take deſight

To

To reckon well spent-time. But as he stands
Expecting rest, as purchas'd by his hands,
Death strains his senses. Ah! he must submit
To Deaths pale Tenant; where the hungry pit
Will keep him Prisoner. But I must indite
A Scean of dolour. Hell's broke loose to night.
He that neglects his Watch, will find too late
Terrors and feinds, assuming pomp and state,
With Furies waiting on them. Passing by *Furies.*
A hollow Cave, I heard a hideous cry:
Come, lets divide the spoile; his bones are thine:
Betwixt you part his flesh, his soul is mine.
A masculine being past the third degree,
And into manhood enter'd now is hee,
Yet never liv'd, unlesse it were to sin;
Being frighted from himself, he'l now begin
To change his course. If this black storme were past
Which Hell hath rais'd; to Heaven now at last,
He'd consecrate himself. The night, being dark,
It cannot hide his grief: Hell lights a spark
To blaze his crime in colours. First, there came
His mothers Ghost, to gender fear and shame *the Ghost.*
Within his breast: and threatning him, she said;
Ah! thou art lost! how often have I stay'd
Thee from thy ruine? Worse, and worse thou art;
I was thy mother once: e're we did part
I begg'd thy change with tears: but I was crost
In my desire. Turn, turn, or thou art lost.
And many other spirits with consent,
Did becken from above; then out they went:

But

But fear came in the more; for there he saw
A troop of deadly feinds, who strove to draw
(As they were gaping on the fiery brim)
Him to the furious lake, or that to him.
(But, *Species sine visu*) he believ'd
His torment was begun; and still he griev'd;
Which made his wound more wide: his loathed bed
Helps not his quaking limbs: his heavie head
Hardens the gentle feathers: and his tears
Did onely shew, not mitigate his fears.

Then came the feinds, and snatcht his soul away,
Making a triumph: soon they cast their prey
(As he conceiv'd) into a Vault of fire;
Thrust it with forks. This is the Sinners hire.
Then to the Bed, a Fury brings a Bier,
To lay his corps upon: and now his fear
Hath made him speechlesse: but his sense remains,
To fold up sorrow. Who can judge what pains
Hell gives in earnest! But the hardned sinner
Knows what *hell* is: for he was the beginner
Of Discord in the World; and he shall have
A bed of sorrow, lower then the grave.

I must not stray too much: my feeble Pen
Must give account (his soul being come agen)
Of what the issue was. In this distress:
He water'd his pale-earth. Groans did expresse
The horrour of his minde: he spi'd again
His mother all in white; with her a train
Of Saint-like figures, pointing down to'ards *hell*;
Then heaven-ward: he mus'd, but could not tell

Wha

What ſpeech they us'd. Of gleams they had a ſhroud:
With *verba ſine voce*, in a cloud,
They vaniſh'd all away. But there remain'd
The horrid Viſion, which from *hell* was ſtrain'd
With ſtrange deformities. A Fury call'd
Upon him ſtrangely: other would have hall'd
Him from his wat'ry couch: Fear made him ſtrong,
And home-born danger help him to his tongue.

Thus he in anguiſh ſaid:

Ye Feinds of darkneſſe! What have you to do
With me that am redeem'd? you ſhall not woo
My ſoul with your enchantments, to embrace
The motions drawn in hell. Although my caſe
Is much to be lamented, I am free
For mercy, as the reſt of ſinners be.
This Book (the Book of God) may end the ſtrife;
My name is written in the Book of Life.
Nor ſhall your power remove me: I am ſet
To keep poſſeſſion here: and all my debt
Is paid by him that gave himſelf to death,
That I might live. From him I draw my breath.
Depart, ye damned ſpirits: I have caſt
My ſelf for ſin. I've griev'd for what is paſt.

Thus ſaid, they quit the room. With that he rais'd
His feeble joynts; and in his heart he prais'd
Him that had bought his Freedom. But he ſpi'd
As he went down, once more, his mother ti'd

(But

(But not from motion) in her winding-sheet,
He thought to gain his freedom in the street,
But could not find the key within the door:
Being frighted worser, then he was before,
With lamentable voice he did begin
To call for help; and then the key was in,
By which he was discharg'd. And now he will
Take notice of his wayes to shun the ill.
Now, like a Hart freed from the hungry hounds,
Which woon his life by swiftnesse, keeps his bounds
Among the horned heard: he never goes
At random by himself, for fear his foes
Should sent him, bring him to the bloody knife;
To dine with Corn he will not pawn his life.
So, he escap't from Hell-hounds, cannot be
Contented by himself: good companie
Is that which he desires: what was amisse
He'l mend, as knowing 't was the cause of this.
Alas, I have not done! You must excuse
My wandring *Genius:* for my bashful Muse
Did never see a Ghost. Pray tell me how
Her Songs may rise to that ne't's sung while now.
His spirits being setled, home he came,
And brought a Friend; beleeving fear and shame
Were banish't from the Earth: but when his head
Was laid upon the Pillow, then the Bed
Seem'd overcharged with the sinful weight:
The walking Devils laid another baite
To snare his soul. A Messenger from *Hell*
(In his appearance grave) began to tell

Wh

What favours he would do him: he should find
His words all true, if he would frame his mind
To keep him company. Then he begins
To reckon up in order all his sins.
And seal'd them to the curse: Still when he spoke
Hell gave a vent, from whence there came a smoke.
His courage like to armour made of steel,
Turn'd back th'assault. What horrour he did feel
Was secret to himself. He would not make
His Bed-fellow afraid; yet he doth take
Th'advantage to reply: And thus he said;
Thy message is from *Hell*; I'm not dismaid:
I have no aid from thee. Do, do thy worst, *arguments.*
I will not lose my hope: 'cause thou art curst,
Thou'ldst make me so. My sinful soul was bought
From *Hell* with stripes: I by the Truth am taught
To wait for grace; beleeve, repent, and pray;
Man by despairing gives himself away.
Thy plots are vain. Thou cursed Fiend, be gone:
I am a child of promise, thou art none.
Thou go'st but under bail: Thou'lt shortly be
Imprison'd to eternal miserie.
When he had done his speech, he did perceive
Th'Embassadour of *Hell* had took his leave.
But e're sweet Slumber had his eyes possest
Or bridled up his thoughts, to silent rest,
Hell sounds again: but with a smoother Theame;
She thought to take him swimming down the streame.)
(*Heroes*, *Nymphs*, and *Fairies*, in came store
Not shap't like Fiends and Furies, as before)

Wh

With

With wanton postures, and with whorish tire,
Unsav'ry speeches, stirring foul desire
In all their gestures. Some with lustful singing
Striv'd to enchant him, while their Lutes were stringing.
Then in a Consort, when their Lutes were strung,
Naked about his bed they plaid and sung. *Wanton devils.*
Dancing with nimble measures, seeming fair,
And in their motions they excell'd the air
But hell's befool'd again: for now his dust
Is dri'd, and cool'd with grief: and all his Lust
Is to be freed from shame. Truths common so *Hell fool'd.*
May well be fool'd, when *hell* is foiled so.
These words he utter'd with an inward voice:
You shew me what I was (I've chang'd my choice)
Not what I am. Away, ye haggs! your spell
Is but damnation varnisht: for in hell
There's no such musick: Trebles give no grace:
Their tunes are howling discords from the Base.
My musick shall be praise (which I intend
To sing in heaven) that shall never end.
Hell has her own again, with labour lost;
And all her Factors are as often crost.
They misse their ends; their prey keeps off too long;
Or if they take it soon, it proves too strong.
Nor can they well be rid on't: for the crie
Calls help from heaven; so the takers die.
Who can expresse the torment he endur'd!
The passion of his minde being somewhat cur'd,
He with his Bed-fellow did quit the room;
Who was half dead with fear. They thought their Too

Ha

Had been erected there. Now out they creep,
Both in a trance: as men which from the deep
Half drown'd are brought to shore; who musing then
Will breathe half words; then stop, and muse agen.
But having gain'd their sense, strength gaining time,
Their stomacks cleansed from the watry slime,
They'll tell you of the shipwrack, how it past;
And of the storm, how they escap'd at last:
Just so these tired Partners do begin
(Partners in punishment, but not in sin)
To breathe their woes in parts: they make their moans
In words, then sighs; but make it up in groans.
But having felt their footing, they will tell
What they escapt; how neer they were to *hell*.
Man sins, then suffers; sorrow, mixt with fears;
Shame leaves him naked in the vale of tears.
He sowes disgrace, which genders unto strife,
And runs th'row grief with cost to lose his life.
Hell joyns with *heaven* to revenge a sin:
When she falls foul upon us, we begin
To feel the storms of wrath: and then we cry
Help, Lord, we sink alive. But by and by
(The tempest being calm'd) we do repent
Of our Repentance. Then we give consent
To what we did deny: and at the last
We do renew the score for what is past.
The devils trace the earth; and where they finde
A Patentee for Lust; as he's enclin'd,
So they can bait the snare. They take up shapes,
With change of habit: as his fancy gapes,

He

He's humor'd for a time. They are not men;
Nor women that are dead, that come agen;
But Devils in their likeneſſe, to invite
The heedleſſe ſinner to eternal night.
Or looking home, they with deſpairing fits,
Shake him from his beleeving and his wits.
Were they not chain'd, they'd take up all for ſtrayes,
To trap our ſouls they have a thouſand wayes.
I rais'd not Fiends, to drive you to a fright;
The'are of my Theme, becauſe they walk by night.

SEC.

SECT. XVIII.

A meeting, and a costly Feast,
The Meat, and sitting of each guest,
Their Wines, their carriage, Healths among,
They drowne their soules, Pimp-Minors song.

NIght sits enthron'd in State, to seise a prize,
" In darkest robes, whose objects blind our eyes.
She cloth'd the Clouds in black, and did upbraid
Bright Cynthia's gesture, cause she was a Maide.
She arch'd her screens with Jett; the virgin Queen
Could neither overlook, nor look between.
Thus coffind close, my Muse began to call
A Poet up, to write her Funerall, *Fancies.*
Ill humours she doth cherish with her breath,
She's both of a tipe of Hell, and Nurse of death:
So, black with Envie, and being swell'd with pride
Did shrowd the Starres in Cipresse; and devy'd
Her *tempus* in the middle: half her store
Was left behind, half posted on before.
She'ad put the Spies in prison: gentle rest
Had flatter'd some to silence; others prest
To hide their shame with sinne, among the crowd
Some suck't in poison, but I am not allow'd
Fresh garments from the Skye. I'm pained in birth
To shew such Feastings, seldome seen on Earth.
I do invite my Readers (pray come near)
As lookers on, take heed, taste not the Chear.

Thoſe that are gueſts, love darkneſſe; and do dwell
Or neer unto, or elſe belong to hell.
The time's moſt fit, 'tis midnight; and the place
Was uſed for burnt ſacrifice; the grace
Dropt from a Bawd, who did invite the gueſts,
The bank did pay the charge of both the feaſts.
They ſit in order: they that took their heats,
And temper moſt from hell, had the chief ſeats.

The Bawd being old, and conſtant, and no waſter,
Serv'd fourſcore yeers, and never hang'd her maſter:
She as done good ſervice, laying ſtill her gins
To draw them to, then ſnare 'em in their ſins.
The major vote is, ſhe muſt ſit above;
And next to her, the Haxter and his Love:
He rob'd before mens faces in the feild;
She cut the throats of thoſe that would not yeeld.

The common whore ſits on the other ſide,
Next to her Miſtreſſe: ſhe has nere deny'd
A motion, or an order from the Devil,
To plead for ſin, and tempting men to evil.
The private Whore ſits by her, and ſhe ſaith
She never ſcor'd upon the publick Faith.
Her Pimp ſits next her, who did ſtill deviſe
New tricks to fetch her out, for ſtudying lies.
He did exceed the reſt, to manage it,
They ſay he has a Magazine of wit.
The Pander for his ſubtiltie, and pride,
Sits equall with him on the other ſide.
The theife ſate cloſe by him, the Cut-purſe Jade
Sate over-right, that drove a double trade

Wi

With men and beaſts, the Prodigall (their friend)
His money's ſpent, and now the lower end
Muſt ſerve his turn to night: when he for love
Renues his pockets, he ſhall ſit above.
The Conſtable came in that uſ'd (you know)
To ſearch above, and leave the watch below.
The outworn Letcher, and the drunken Gull
Sate down together: now the table's full.
Above they had varieties of meate,
Some ſtanding dithes, but not good to eate. *choice of*
They'ad Oyſters pickl'd and the beſt Lavere *meats.*
Anchoves Woodcocks (which was daintie cheare)
whoſe brains did make them ſawce, with ambergreece
And Mumma of Mans fleſh which coſt a peece.
With divers other diſhes from the fire,
Where Nature mixt with art, to breed deſire.
For thoſe below, that could but Pimp and ſteal,
Had Butchers meat, Ramme, Mutton, Hog, and veal.
No ſecond courſe; nor did theſe ſordid Elves
Deſire fowl: For they were foul themſelves,
Yet they had tongues and harts, dried, ſlic't and cold,
With ſeverall ſorts of wine, but ſome did hold
That Viper-wine was beſt. Some lov'd the Red,
Being likeſt blood; ſome that the Dragon bred
And bears his name, all lov'd it mixt with ſin:
They'ad healths, and ſome diſeaſed ſouls put in.
Now, in their midſt of Mirth, they drink the round,
They may be bold upon the Divills ground,
Where ev'ry one muſt freely drink his bowl;
And he that cannot ſwear away his ſoul,

And drink his reaſon drie, and play the beaſt,
Shall ne'r be bid to ſuch a gallant Feaſt.
Before they roſe (though ſitting over long)
Pimp Minor came, and he will ſing a ſong.

My ſong ſhall relate, what pleaſure and ſtate
What mirth, and contentments are in love,
The world is at at reſt, now how we are bleſt.
No ſorrow can make us remove.
In love we do agree, *Pimp Minors*
And who ſo merrie as we. *Song.*

Black night is our Bawd; and Fates do aplaud
Our happineſſe: Heavens conſent,
To mask up the Moone, leaſt comming too ſoone
Prove treacherous to our content.
Our pleaſures do all agree.
And who ſo merrie as we?

This delicate Feaſt, and every gueſt
Still praiſed ſhall be with Delight:
Ther's nothing but day, can fright us away:
Let's honour the Goddeſſe of night,
That doth with us agree.
And who are merrie but we?

The ſearcher's aſleep, nor durſt he once peep
To backbite our Revells; agen,
If the Rimer ſhould write of our meeting to night,
Wee'l vow to ſequeſter his pen.

With

With us hee'l not agree
But who ſo merrie as we.?

What need we to fear? the Conſtables heere :
Pale Envy is laid in her grave;
Our drinkings breed health,& pleaſures bring wealth
And Joyes are the clothing we crave.
With laughing all agree.
Oh none ſo merrie as we.

Wee'l reap our deſire,when lovt is on fire,
and taſte of the pleaſant diſhes;
What happineſſe can, be more to man
Then ſo to embrace his wiſhes?
Our love do thus agree,
And who ſo merry as we?

The ſcraps which we leave, let watchmen receive,
When Brokers have cull'd out the beſt,
Now give me a Cup,and Il'e drink it all up,
And the Divill ſhall have the reſt.
Who doth with us agree,
Then who ſo merrie as we?

When they had laugh,d at this, ſome drunk, aſleep,
Fell on the ground : and ſome began to creep
In private Corners,others fell to play,
Some to their plots ; while others ſtole away
The neighbours goods, but ere this horrid meeting
Was broken up,they had a dolefull greetnig.

Now like a herd faſt by a River ſide,
Had eate their Commons bare, but having ſpy'd
Freſh quarters ore the water, they begin
To ſtrive by force which ſhall go foremoſt in.
And enter firſt the ſev'rall: as they ſwim
The proud curl'd waves aſſault them, every limbe
Is ſhaken with their fury, ſome do ſink,
Some beaten out of life upon the brink.
The reſt the ſtreames leave priſoners in a Lake,
Where death muſt ſet them free, none of them take,
Poſſeſſion of the Paſture. So, do theſe,
Swim down the tide of luſts, although they pleaſe
Their humors for a time, at laſt the ſhore
Receives them breathleſſe. *Charon* ſculls them ore
Into the land of everlaſting night.
Nor Sun, nor Moon ſhall vex'em with their Light.
Guilt, ſhame and tears will mingle with their ſins:
This Feaſting's done, the divells Feaſt begins.

SECT. XIX.

The Night doth quarrell with the Moon,
The Divills feaſting comes too ſoon;
How all was dreſt, their ſtaying long,
Before they part they have a ſong.
The Whirlwinds, ſtench, the furious rent,
Made through the earth, which way they went.

BEfore bright *Phebe* did begin to ſteep
Her ſhining body in the Atlantick deep,

Or entred Latmos Palace, where she us'd
To sleep with her *Endymion*; or refus'd
To chuse her whiter hindes, her clearer eye
Look't through the sarsnet vail, and did discry
The folly of the Goddesse Night, who did
Defend the fowls of prey, she'd have them hid.
And spits ill language at the Moon, and looks
Black in the face with pride. Her secret books
Are seald with pitch, as black as her aparrell;
Her rage breaks out; thus she begins to quarrell.
Thou upstart, to Antiquitie a Fo. *Nights railing*
I am no light huswife; but Ile prove thee so.
Go, go, thou Changeling, vex me not: must I
Be subject to thy Check? must thy fond eye
Be made the overseer of my trade,
That had my birth before the World was made,
And rul'd alone? and but for thee still might,
I change not colour: for my nam's black night.
I can do nothing private, now, but you
Must ride above in state, and take a view.
Of all my plots, as other Round-heads do,
Sometimes yo' are like a Round-head slit in two:
Sometimes yo'are drest with horns upon your head,
Coming from *Sols* or from *Endymions* bed,
Yo'are big with childe; & looking pale yo'are shamd;
Being loth to have it known, or have it nam'd,
You travell in the sea: and then you smother
The babe ('tis thought) least he should peach the mother
That must be call'd a virgin, you in rage
Turn men to beasts, and make an hour an Age,

Bald time Eternall. As your humours swell,
The Seas must ebb and flow; if I should tell
All that I know, 'twould keep you from the Feast,
Drive down your Charret, quickly, to the West.
She blushing glanc't away. And now the cheer
Is making ready, that must cost so deare.
Here are no Sheriffs, nor hinch Boyes, nor no Maior,
Nor no Church-warden, nor none seeming faire.
Forbidding *Johnson's* guests, both all, and some,
Except the Jaylor, and the Sergeant come. (*forbidden*
Those that are hard and season'd in their evill, (*guests.*
Will make the fitteſt Messes for the Devill.
Nor did the time agree; for 'twas at Noone,
And this by night, who rai'ld away the Moone.
The Divell being invited by a sinner,
H'ad rather come to supper then to dinner:
For then his work is done. Nor did his haste
Shew any stomack, he but came to taste.
And here he came unlook't for. Heare the cryes;
He came but thither Choach't, but here he flies.
He was invited by the Cook, and had
His man to dresse his Meat; but good, or bad,
He do's it here himselfe. The place is fit:
A vault, where soules do sink for want of wit.
What hideous noyse is this? what brimston smell?
What sparkling flames are these? their'e guests from
In severall postures. Dreadfull stormes arise, (Hell,
Which dumbs the tongue, and deaffes the eares, the
Are dipossest. Strange feares possesse the hearts, (eyes
With dreadfull horrour in the inward parts.

Of

Of all the former Feaſters, none can hold
For furious burning; yet they ſhake with cold.
The Prince of darkneſſe, ſeizeth on his prey,
Divides the ſpoyles, and peece-meale he doth lay
His choiceſt bits in order: ſome he boyl'd,
And made him broth, and other ſome he broil'd.
The bawd he ſtew'd, becauſe ſhe was ſo tough.
The common Trull, before th'was boyl'd enough
He ſnapt her up; becauſe his ſtomack ak't:
The haxter and his litter, hardly bak't, *his ſure.*
Was chop't in after: rotten roaſted Pimp
Was ſwallowed in; and next the parboil'd Imp;
From whom he gravie ſqueiſ'd: which ſcall'd his (tongue;
The Pander lying at the fire long
Was dry'd away: whereat the Divell vext;
And ſwore by Hell, what ere he met with next
He'd make no bones on't. With his griping claw
He tore the Cutpurſe, and he eats him raw.
A bone (being greedie) in his ſtomack ſticks:
And he perceiving, that the bloody flix
Was like to take him; boyl'd into a Jelly
The Prodigall, to eaſe his rumbling bellie.
To ſtay the flux, the gull was neatly fry'd;
The letcher gum'd, being finely cut and dry'd,
Was whift away in ſmoak: the ſmoking Cell
Is found on Earth; 'twas uſ'd to be in Hell. *the ſmoke.*
The Officer eſcap't, this once, ('twas late)
For he may turne Informer to the State,
And find out ſuch Delinquents. If he can
I'le have him put in Print, a gallant man!

But

But this unwelcome gueſt, grown full, he groans,
To broil the marrow out, he burnt the bones. *Bones*
His train muſt eat the ſcraps, though he begins; *burnt*
The ſawce was all brains, livers, hearts, and ſins.
Their drink was bloud, but from the buttrie hatch
A little divill ſprung, who ſings a Catch.

Never were Angels entertaind *the devils*
As we have bin, to ſwell with mirth: *ſong*
Wee'le break the Gaole where we were chaind
To lick up the hony and Cream of the earth.
with hay down down, &c.

This Caſtle, and the fare we found
Have pleaſ'd our princely humors well,
Luſt heavens blood, theft tears the ground,
To make us free trading 'twixt earthworms
with hay down, &c. (and hell.

The ſcandalous prieſt, that lives at eaſe
Who ſtudies earth, and ſucks her ſtore,
His ſtate he ſpends his luſts to pleaſe,
And a hundred a year to furniſh his whore.
with hay down, &c.

I like the cunning cutpurſe Jade,
That beareth twins of ſin; if ſhe
Be queſtion'd for her theiving trade,
She'l ſwear he'd have raviſht her, or twas her fee
with hay down, &c.

That

That gallant wench that lies at ſtake,
To ſeize a prey, her Pimp made bold,
Muſt quarrell with him, for her ſake,
She'l hug him, to ſave him, then pilfer his gold
with hay down, &c.

Our noble freind that keeps his Pincks,
Steals, pawns, and ſells by common vote;
And if his wife with ſorrow ſinks,
He'l ſtarve her, or kick her, or els cut her throat,
with hay down, &c.

Take pleaſure, fear not ſin, nor ſhame,
You babes of Night, flye from deſpair:
Joy, wealth, and praiſe, ſhall guard his name,
Who honors *Diabilo* prince of the Aire.
with hay down, &c.

Then having finiſht all; a whirlwind roſe;
The hel-bred furies did begin to cloſe *the paſſage*
Diviſions ranks, and files, and with a wound,
They forc'd a paſſage through the trembling ground:
But left a blaſte behind, reſolves the doubts,
That you'd beleeve that hell lies thereabouts.
Are ſinners torment proof, that they do take
Delight in their undoing? who can make *Morall.*
The angrie Heavens ſmile? or gaping hell
Take bribes for ſouls, when luſts like Seas do ſwell
Beyond all bounds? where furious winds do caſt
Thoſe ſtragling torments, till they run their laſt:

Which

Which thirſty earth drinks up, or angry time,
For their aſſault converts them into ſlime.
So Mortalls do, paſſe reaſons rules, and pleaſe
Their ſences, till a writ of little eaſe
Be ſent from heaven, then their heart miſgives,
Whoſe mirth one day, whoſe torment ever lives.
Earth drinks their joyes alive: and hell receives
The ſlime at laſt, the trees, the fruit, and leaves.
Are fit for fire, or like the fox, whoſe prey
Is ſtole at night, but eaten in the day.
This theife is ſo gentle, he makes his den
A Poultrers ſhop. A Rabbit, and a hen
Lye by his ſide: and at his back a gooſe;
So thrives a while, at laſt the doggs get looſe,
And catch the craftie fox, his fleſh is tore,
His plots are are ſpoyl'd: his Cribidge ſtole before,
Now ſtinks for want of eating, Ah! methinks,
Here's meate, ſharp ſauce, and yet my ſubject ſtinks,
For want of ſeaſoning, being peece-meal cut,
Into the Divells Lardar they are put.
Who plaies the *Caniball*: and ſtill he ſtrives
With black reproach to crown their dying lives.

SECT.

SECT. XX.

To share their boungs, three Beggars meet,
One stunke erewhile, but now made sweet.
The second passe, the third doth treate,
Their begging tone is not compleat:
The Rules to begg, on what they feed;
Their Trade and triumph, how agreed,
From all oppressions they are free,
How merry they at parting be.

I Walk'd alone, my brain on Fancies fed,
The man i'th' Moone being newly gone to bed,
My light was all confin'd within my brest,
My eares were open, forward, still I prest,
Till at the last I spi'd a glimmering shine,
And heard a voyce, which made my Muse incline
To tune her song anew. Three mandies did
Divide their boungs: the matter should be hid.
One had his night-cap brought him, and his Ruffe,
His Gowne, clean Lynen; every thing enough
To please his humour. He is very grave *Accommo-*
His Leg's untri'd; his pleasure was to have *dations.*
His Crutches out of sight; he cleares his throat
With butter'd-Ale, to help his begging note.
The others young, (a whipping bought his passe)
Not borne a Beggar as the other was:
He's chang'd from top to toe; he feeles no smart
His arme's restor'd, his sores were made by Art.
But looking towar'ds the right, I did espie
A Doxie lately bottom'd, which did cry

Selvà

Salva the King of Beggers ! let the reſt
In bowſing Kenadoes be ever bleſt!
Then altogether they began to prate
Of Citie buſineſſes, of Church, and State,
Where they ſhould beg to morrow, ſuch a place
Brings in moſt coine, the other gives more grace
To our endeavours: Fleet-ſtreet ſhall be thine,
Turn-ſtyle is his, the Temple-lane is mine.
'Tis late, they muſt divide what they have got,
There's but a Mark betwixt them: but the Lot
Fals double on the Seignor. I was fain
To bring you both into a begging ſtrain. *begging tone*
Yet, thou beg'ſt out of tunr; nor canſt thou cry
With dolefull tones, to move the Paſſers by
To draw their bounty. Thou ſhouldſt ſhew thy ſore
To make their purſes open: then our ſtore
Would be encreas'd. But *Tib* doth beg with grace,
She'l howl out, 'ſave your Worſhip, make a face,
To coyne a groat at once: She's young in years,
But old in cunning: her diſſembling tears
Will make a Uſurer a peny ſpare,
So in her prayers he may have a ſhare.
There's not a day, if once I ſit but down
But is a Noble-day: alas, a Crown *daily gain*
Will hardly bear my charge! a diſh of meat
Would caſt one half on't: many things I eat
Which are not common: now and then I have
A Pullet, and a Tart; ſometimes a Crave, *Fine fare*
A Pigeon-pye, a Woodcock, or a Gooſe,
A Pig, a diſh of Larks; let me but looſe,

I know what comforts age. Beife is but courſe,
Veal's wateriſh, mutton groſſe, and Pork is worſe,
I cry and hold my Legg, ſome labouring gull
Gives me a penny, when my purſe is full.
When he (perhaps) hath not a ſhilling left
To keep himſelf. Then begging joyn'd with theft,
There is no better Trade. I have excuſe
To ſave my money which I have at uſe,
To keep my port, and credit to the laſt, his port, *his Port.*
When all my merrie begging dayes are paſt.
How ever all the day I ſeeme to men,
When I come home, I am no begger then.
What er'e I ask, I have for my delight,
My Table's ſpread with meat, my bread is white.
A fire, ſlippers, and a Cup of Ale,
Good Wine, well ſuggar'd, with a merry tale,
To cheat the ſlow pac't minutes: I am free
From all ſuſpition by my Beggerie. *the Beggers*
Who'l ſeek for money in a Beggers houſe, *Triumph.*
The Proverb is, there's nothing but a ——
Though I keep Fellons goods, I'm quit from ſhame,
The harmleſſe Beggar is both old and lame.

Come, let us ſhare our boungs, thou muſt away,
My enter'd Rogue! ten groats ſhall be thy pay.
My little Gill, thy ſubtle antique tricks (*ſtarres*
Gaine foure ſhillings, I'le have the other ſix.
This parting Cup ſhall drown all care and ſorrow,
Chuck thou art mine to night, and his to morrow.

As do the Snakes in Dunghills, bre'd, and thrive,
And have their vents to keep their ſtinck alive, *Morall.*

So

So do this brood of vermine, baske all day
To ſuck the ſpoyle; at night they part the prey.
Thoſe rotten Vaſſals, cannot chooſe but ſee
They are the Drones which rob the painfull Bee.
To all that's begging-baſe they are agree'd,
They're fitter for the Hangman then for breed.
They ſwarme like Catterpillars: none can ſtand
Before their mouthes: they cover all the Land.
They are the ſores of *England*, which do run
Almoſt paſt cure. Alas they have begun
To bring the body lowe! let luſty Knaves
Be whip't to work, and hamper'd up for ſlaves.
Let Bridewells joyne to guard theſe begging whores
Which breed like Mice, they are the greateſt ſores.
The weake might then be kept, the blind and Lame
'Pon Charity, our Kingdome quit from ſhame.
If they were dealt with, as they are diſplaid,
In halfe an age thoſe Rats might be deſtroy'd

SECT. XXI.

Her,e Officers are guilty found,
A Sodomite, a Spie, our ground
Breed Monſters, now, the Souldiers punck,
The Reformado ſhamefull drunck;
The ramping Dame one robs the State,
The choice of pincks, the Harlots rate.
To take a bribe, this cannot brook:
Two Bands twice burnt; a Frenchman took.

WHen ſwarfie night had mufled up the Queen
With clouds of darknes, ſable vails, in ſpleen
Were

Were spred before the Stars; their twinckling light,
Must look tow'ards home, accus'd by envious night:
All Colours were alike; she seem'd to have
The glory of the world, bound in a grave. *Fancies.*
The watch was set, the Court of guard was plac'd,
The spies went forth, bold sinners were disgraced,
Though mask'd with darknes. By & by they brought
A rabble rout, that sold themselves for nought,
To purchase hell on earth. A Captain came
That spit out oathes; I must not tell his Name.
A damme blade, for he will tak't in snuffe;
He's dawb'd with silver lace, and clad in buffe.
But pennylesse poore slave! the night before
He had a Crown, but that he met a whore, *A Damie*
That rob'd him of his wits, to trade with sin, *Blade:*
He to the bargain gave his money in.
He was a plunderer, roving up and down;
Just such a one would have betray'd the Towne.
A theif in Office. Ever untill that,
This swash was judg'd to be a beggars brat.
But here's a Maior, that can keep his Jade
At hard meat all the year; and drive a trade
Of robbing by a word. This Country Votes *Maior.*
Can justifie: but he will cut their throats *Plunder.*
If they complaine. His Colonel's out
And when he went, he car'd hi Doxie down,
Untill his shame increast, and coyne was spent;
His Tenants plunder'd, cannot pay his rent. *A Colonel.*
At *Basing*, *Redding*, or at *Maidenhead*,
He drops his ware, and he is gone to bed

Without his supper; having little ease,
His braines, and cash are morgag'd for disease.
But here's a woman, that is faine to stay
In Town a while, to get her husbands pay:
Yee dy'd with wounds; and while she stayes in
She'l truck with hell, to bear her charges down. (town,
And then she'l leave: ere this she'ad chang'd her
Her bawd ha's still a noble in the pound. (ground
Sir, her's a Sodomite, a souldier too, *The Bawd a*
A damned Cab: that used much to wooe *Noble in the*
An Incubus, and he will sell mens lives *pound.*
For pence a peece. He thinks because he thrives *A So-*
That Hel's his friend. He must commit Incest, *domite.*
Or else a Rape, or bugger any beast.
He's like the Dutch-man, hell hath made so bold
That ravish't women, having stole their Gold.
He's for the Subjects Liberty, and will *a mad rub.*
Die a good Protestant. He'l only kill
The Kings ill wishers. Here's his only friend
Has still three wives alive. And 'tis his end
To take another, help him in this case,
For all his wives are distant from this place. *4. Wives*
She must have means (for here awhile he'l stay)
To keep him brave, till he can run away.
What greasie peece is this? this is a spye,
That has been long in service; faine to flie
For Conscience sake. His company was lost
At *Edge-hill* fight: was ever Captain crost *A conceit*
As he hath been? he was beyond Sea maim'd, *Captain*
At Hoast-end siege, but he is here maintaind

Fo

For Information. He doth sculk about,
In bawdy Cells, to send down news, no doubt,
He has allowance: and his queans for nought;
As for the running in the Raines he bought.
He's fiery fac't; his company was rais'd
Within his bosome: of ill spirits prayse'd, *his Condition.*
He gives this Motto, (and he kicks at Fate)
An Segnior, Captiano, grand Souldate.

A monstrous woman! to the guard we'l send her,
A parboild frow, and of the neuter gender.
Who alwayes waites to snare men in a gin; *a Frow.*
And claimes a priviledge to make them sin.
To beg sometimes, and otherwhile complaine,
Then breath out wishes; any thing to gain
A mony'd guest. Oh! now 'tas found a spark,
That's flig indeed, a walking in the dark:
The Jades are all too course: this frap must borrow
A finer tib: they shall be paid to morow.
If Gill come from the Knight, that did so seek
To gaine her love; she's hir'd for a week.

Here's a common souldier, who was found
At letchers base, within the Divells ground. *A common*
He's dreste with rags; nor can he get his pay *Souldier.*
To cloth himselfe. He hopes to see the day
When theft shall be in fashion: yet he must
Eate, drink, game, whore; all on the common trust.

Who's this, his trull? indeed forsooth I went
Down to the Army; with no ill intent, (*his Trull.*
Onely to see my friends; and use my trade,
The Marshall us'd me roughly; that he made

Me leave the field; my Love and I to rest,
Did think (in Winter) Garison was best,
To ease each other: is it any sin?
He pimps without, whiles I do work within.
With Cabies we are suffer'd, day and night,
Their plunder and their Wenches, mak'em fight.
Pray Marshall keep 'em safe.

Sir; here's a Reformado, who being drunk,
He reeld about the street; and met a punck, *A Reformado.*
Who had her waiting Maid; he took 'em up,
In Druery lane; together they must sup; *a Belt pawn'd.*
He's charg'd with eighteen pence; and then he felt
Into his fob; but he must pawne his belt
To free his heeles. Did that discharge the score?
His Sword had gone too; but 'twas pawn'd before.
He'd take a lodging; but she scorn'd to swive
Under a Crown, with any man alive.

More night-work yet? Oh, her's a ramping Dame,
Compos'd with baseneſſe, impudence, and shame:
Pray, who'se your Clerk? thou lying paultry spie!
Do'st dare to prate to such a one as I? *Impudence.*
If Courtiers were at home, and all the Peeres,
I should find friends; thou durst not for thy eares
Say half so much: for I took many a crown
Of Courtiers weekly; they being out of Town
My trading's low; but I was one that went
To cry for peace, and thousands, with intent *Cry for Peace.*
To force it on; and levell all our Forts,
To let the King come in. But false reports
Make

Make us Malignants. I shall live to see *Malignant*
Our Fortunes rais'd, and you as low as we: *wishes.*
Or higher by the Gallowes. Then wee'l sing,
Hang all the Round-heads: we are for the King.
Here's Impudence indeed!

A man in Office comes, that's very grave,
You would not think that he should prove a Knave,
He has a trick unknown, to raise the rate; *Parish*
I am jealous on't, I doubt he robs the *State.* *Officers.*
He's like the Coleman, for he peeles the poore,
And spends the Parish stock to keep a whore.
Doth he convert our seasments into crimes?
I wish there were no reason for these Rimes.
No new-made Statesman, nor no proud Priest can be
Close Patron, to this bearded villany. (*Sub-Committee*
A Sub-Committee-man? oh! let him passe, *men.*
He rides in State; he'le call thee foole and Asse:
To question him: I doubt he is not right,
I'm vext to see him cause my purse is light.
She second, met a Lady that was wise,
Faire, young, and vertuous too, whose Husband lyes
Fin'd a Delinquent: but if she'd consent
To be his Prostitute, he'd be content
To get the charge remov'd: when summes come in
He'l gain a Vote, make taxes, pay for sin.
Another of 'em? he has laid his baits,
To snare his partner, cause he hates deceits,
And will not cheat the State; and therefore he
Shall be sequestr'd: but this treacherie

Is laid to view: seiz'd goods he would purloyne
Praiſ'd for himſelf: he'd pocket up the Coyne
For's private uſe. Oh! how that Province grieves
That muſt be ſubject to a pack of theives!
Wiſe Senators being in their choyſe deceiv'd,
Truth's in exile, and rights's by truſt bereav'd.
If publike men, for private ends ſhall cope,
And ſue divorce 'twixt Charity and hope,
Let plunder'd men ſit ſtill: poore Souldiers cry,
They may confide, untill they ſtarve and dye.
Here's *Nul* the neuter, that could ne're abide.
To draw his Sword: or ſtick to either ſide.
But which prevailes is his: and he will be
A man of War, when all the world is free.
A noted Letchers found, that uſ'd to ſeek
Varieties of ſinkes; for twice a week
He muſt have choice; this Incubus is bred *a filthy*
Of Gonurs race, it is the Maiden-head *Letcher.*
He aims at moſt. This vaſſals worſe then mad.
For Killegrue and Mints are not ſo bad:
A Committe of divills, chuſ'd him weſl,
To trade by wholeſale for the pit of hell. *ſtrife*
What, three at once? two drunkards were at ſtrife
For this fine Trull, and ſhee's a married wife,
But leaves her husband. He that has moſt caſh
At any time, may have this naſtie traſh. *moſt coyne*
Oh here comes one, that will not take a Fee
Of any man, but if they do agree *trade free*
If he will ſend a thing to make her fine
She loves her luſt, ſhe dos not trade for coyne.

Two

Two Charcole bawds, being burned twice a peece,
Did spread a net, and took a flock of geese,
To pluck their Feathers, they to dresse them strive,
Some stewd, some rosted, some were burn'd alive.
They wink at one another, with a grace; 2 *burnt*
Thee'l have their houses in an other place, *Bawds*
A place of fame, betwixt them they maintain
A Surgeon private paid with hellish gain.

This Frenchman comes to night, to be a gueſt.
Me been a Sowder, an wood nom been preest,
Me feet for Anlish Croons: an wood non have *The*
Tashentelman go goon, tis boon me crave *Frenchman.*
Dat me ma pos; me none more sick been seen:
Me non Malignant. Me been vor de Queen.

See here you troop of fondlings; you are bent
To please the prince of darkness; his intent *morrall*
Is to requite you, payments please you well
You'are all of the black Regiment of hell.
You live without a soul, and you do make
Sinfull conceit your leader: you mistake
To fall in love with ruine. Such a sink
Will venom paper, and 'twill poyson Ink,
Is common reason lost? sence will be heard,
With mournfull groans: that hell will be afeard
To stand before it: you'l with terrour see't,
Sin, shame, and torment shall together meet?

Fraught with disdain, yet emptie tubs, you sownd
Your miserie possest; but when you are bound
With Chaines of darkneſſe, and clost prisoners cast
Into the gronndlesse dungeon, when your last

Vapour ſhall vaniſh, who will ſtand for you?
Heaven will deſpiſe you: Hell will claim her due.
Before the Clouds grow black, turn from your ſin:
Or els 'twill call eternall darkneſſe in.

SECT. XXII.

A Monſter raiſd, that is eſpi'd
And by a ragged bawd deſcry'd
And pointed out, the monſter pleads
To juſtifie the Life it leades.
And blames that fowl, and all her geeſe
That rooſt with all for pence a peece,
Provoking meates; this muſt be try'd
When that is to the gallows ty'd.

BEfore the Queen of night, had made diſpatch
of her reſignment, or diſcharg'd the watch
Of Lanthorn-ſervice, or the bluſhing maid
Before old Tython had her flags diſplaid
Or fairer Venus had unmaſk'd her face,
To tempt the Shepherd from his warmer place.
I to perform my task, did walk the round,
And ſearch't about; at laſt a thing I found,
Which made me wonder: as it there did ſtand
'Twould fight with man, or woman hand to hand.
It's face was like a womans, but behind
A ſeem'd a Divill of the better kind,
It was nor man, nor woman, bird, nor beaſt
It was beſpoke of Hell, to make a Feaſt.
It was a fearfull Monſter: no man may
Without a bluſh behold it in the day,

I did conclude at laſt,(I veiw'd it's pitch)
'Twas not a Divell,but the divells witch.
'Twould rob, and ſteal mens goods,and cut a purſe
And help all them that could but ſwear and curſe.
Yet it had learn'd ſome charity from hell,
For thoſe that would beleive,'twould raiſe a ſpell,
Bring in the mould-bred Divells,call'em men,
And help you to your goods and Purſe agen:
But you muſt call it Miſtris; and confeſſe
'Tis truly Divellfi'd: then 'twill expreſſe
A Serpents love: 'twill ſwagger,ſtrut,and roar,
Save that the gender's wrong'twould turn a whore,
And Pimping is away it doth applaud,
But being old enough 'twill be a Baud.
'Twas fed with dainties(being puſt with pride)
And ſomething for a monkie left beſide.
It overcharg'd mine eyes. I turnd about,
And preſently I found a woman out,
Being poor diſeaſ'd,and ragged,and her Crime
Had made her turn a Bawd before her time.
She ſpi'd that pamper'd Monſter,and ſhe ran
To take the prize; ſhe thought t'had bin a man.
But finding 'twas a thing that did invade
Her Cuſtome(coming on)to ſpoyl her trade,
She did diſgorge her ſelfe; and to begin
Thus ſhe accuſ'd it of a Common ſin.
What mankind ſtuft art thou? thou art in rage
To lead the front of Sinners on the Stage.
They ſay thou waſt a man; but ſince the Devill
Made one part like a Woman, that thy Evill,

To all that see thee may appear: the rest
Is doubled in thy shame to make a beast.
Thou entertainst the Roysters of the age,
And high-way Theeves; each one a hackney page,
Drest like a Man: they domineer and roar;
At such a price thou dost provide a whore
For him that is unfurnish't. But the rate
Is alwayes double when the Thief comes late.
One that with friends, and Husband lives at strife,
A broken Madam, or a Courtiers Wife,
A chamber-maid that's weded to her crime,
Or Gentlewomen, that are past their prime,
Starch't o're with painting, fitting them for vice,
Out of the Wardrop suiting to the price.
If any be in danger for his theft,
Or any whore of whiping, thou art left.
To fetch 'em off: for at the Sessions still
Thou brib'st the men, or els keep'st back the bill.
(We know when Sessions is begun by thee)
And for thy service thou dost get a fee.
Thy Ruffians go in Scarlet, or in plush;
Thy Truls in silks: There's not a modest blush
Amongst them all. Thou, thou dost hide their sin
And this the evidence that I give in
Against thy knot, and thee, another day.
Come, slash and Cut, hast any thing to say?
Thou thred-bare witch! what beggerly and bold!
Am I thy fellow? I can hardly hold
My tallens from thy flesh: should I deprive
My self of profits? any way to thrive

I mean to use. How should brave hacksters be
Preserv'd, and furnish't, were it not for me?
No lowe priz'd ware, shall come within my dore;
(She that will truck for sixpence is a whore)
I company with Gallants, Lords, and Knights,
And please their humors, to encrease delights,
I furnish them with Lasses: who dare say
I am a Bawd to deal with such as they?
I fear no Law, nor Prison: now and then
I have bin in; but I came out agen.
The Justices, the Jury, and the clarks
Do know and favour me: the velvet Sparks
Will plead my cause: Or any thing they'l do,
Run, ride, make friends, drop down a peece or two.
To make my cause run smooth: why then should I
Fear or forsake my trade untill I die?
I live in pleasure: Cocks, Bears, Bulls and Playes:
Bring fresh delights. What sweet and merry dayes
Have I enjoy'd! Then Doggs, and Monkies be
At other times good Companie for me:
I drink Tobacco, wine, but towards the shot
I break a jest; but never pay a Jott.
Why speak I thus to such a one as thou?
I've justifi'd my self. Ple taxe thee now.
How dos my spirit boyl, to hear what trade
Thou driv'st for death? how every Common Jade
Is entertain'd by thee? thy seely Geese
Will dable in the durt for pence a peece;
Thy half-fac'd frows will put a man to fright;
They beg all day, and play the whore at night.

The'ar

The'r ſlic't and dry'd: yet one of them muſt be
Extreamly modeſt; hardly woon: for ſhe
Is tyred at the Brokers, ſhe muſt ſeek
A penny more: ſhe payes a groat a week.
Another's ſoon perſwaded, ſhe will yeild
With words on truſt: for in the open field
She keeps a Market: there the vermine play,
Who ſcapes at night, ſhe takes him in the day.
The third is mark't with reding: ſhe will try
(Tempt, fawn and call upon the paſſers by
To come to Hell, if ſhe can draw them (ſo)
She burnes them half alive before they go.
The laſt lies to be cured of her curſe;
She'l deal wi' ye even hand, and ſpare your purſe.
She hath provoking meanes to ſtir up luſt,
One muſt be whip't with rods; another muſt
Be beaten out of dores, and for his ſin
Coole at the gates of Hell; 'tis hot within.
Another's made a skullin: he muſt waſh
The diſhes, and be knock't: and then the troſh
Muſt kiſſe to make amends, untill deſire
Is by degrees, converted into fire.
The common cheaters when they take a prey
Doe come to thee by turnes: (the more fooles they)
Thou canſt not help them in a dang'rous caſe!
Nor at the Seſſions dar'ſt thou ſhew thy face.
Who come to thee to night, the next be
Hid in a hole, for feare when thou do'ſt ſee
A Gorget, that's for Cis; a handſome Dreſſe
Muſt be for Gin; the waſtcoate is for Beſſe,

Being trim'd with ſtolne goods, their price is raiſ'd
Thou art maintain'd, and hell and thee both praiſd:
Thou art a baud, a theif, an out-worn whore,
If e're I come to Tyburn I'le ſay more.
I was in hope the morn by this would ſmile,
But 'tis grown darker then it was ere while;
A tedious night! nor can I once forecaſt
To eaſe my Muſe, untill the night be paſt.
Thoſe that do ſin in State, do here foretell
That they ſhall have the hotteſt room in hell.
For thoſe that live to ſin, and ſin to live,
Shall find what Motto Death and Hell do give.
They purchaſe pain and ſhame with greedie ſinning,
Whoſe life is death, whoſe end is deaths beginning.
Sin is at ods, I need not tell you how;
Hell did agree, but 'tis divided now.
She'l never yeeld, till ſhe hath all ſhe had;
When ſhe is chok't, her Tenants will grow mad.

SECT. XXIII.

The Devill with a Prieſtling meets,
A Souldier comes, the Devill greets;
He rails at firſt: the feinds unkind;
How he in ſorrow ſpeaks his mind.
The Preiſt is charg'd, of his adviſe,
How he did tempt the Devill twiſe.
Pandorſſus try'd, how he did woo,
Caſts off one Whore, and takes in two:
The dreadfull fight, the combat paſt;
Their healths, and triumph at the laſt.

NOw hell will ſound a parle, before ſhe'l beat
Up her travail; or ſeem to make reteat:

She musters all her forces, views their scope,
Draws up the reer: in the forlorne hope
The Prelates Traine was plac'd. She sounds again
(The Divell hath reserves as well as men)
But light (though distant) scornes to stoop, or see
Her issue joyne with this black Pedigree.

The Divell met a Priestling, where came in
A bloudy ruffick; who had lately bin
A suiter to this feind, that he might take
Mens lives, and plunder freely; who did make
Him promise to that end: but, cause he fails
Souldate growes mad, and at the Divell railes.

Have I been servant to thee many years?
And took thy word for all? as it appeares
By my successe: nor did I feare to kill
The innocent, being prompt to what was ill.
Rob, teare, sweare, curse at those that did rebell
A'gainst thy Lawes. *Divell.*

Just so do we in Hell.

Souldier.

And so thou'lt serve me too: and for my gaines,
Thou'lt send black death, with torment for my
Is't come to this? (paine

Divell.

I pray thee tell me how
Our Plots should thrive, if we should not allow
False Protestations, with the breach of truce,
To cheat conceit? such subtletie's in use.

Souldier.

Now thou dealst plainly, hadst thou don't at first
I had been happy.

Divell.

Now thou art accurſt.
We try all meanes your ſenſes to invade,
Sometimes we'l be gentile; but 'tis our trade
To chayne your reaſon to the breath of men,
Who are our journey men: and now and then
They ſend ſuch Chapmen to our darkſome cave,
To purchaſe tombes with life, that loath'd a grave.
They can do more then we, being in requeſt,
Our names are ſtain'd; what is by us expreſt
Is put in uſe by Deputies. But we
Work privately.

Souldier.

Ah! to what miſery
Have I engag'd my ſelf! if Earth and Hell
Combin'd againſt me, is't in vain to tell
My cauſe to Heaven?

Divell.

Aske this flattring Prieſt,
That goes in velvet ſlippers; give a liſt
Of all thy rapes, and he perchance may give
An abſolution; his conceits do live
With waſtefull hopes: being pregnant in his evill,
He thinks in pride, to go beyond the Divell.
All Learning dwells in him: what falls beſide
Are but the concrets of his inward pride.

Souldier.

You're comforters alike! thou did'ſt begin
A bloody Plot; and ſlily drew'ſt him in,

Two

To be thy Executioner: and what is ill
Is but the execution of thy will;
Being of the Horsleech kind, and mettle free *The Priest*
To take thy easie stamp. *tempts the Divell.*

Devill.

He tempted me:
For when the stubborn Scot did give abuse,
To his Divinity, that was in use,
Du ni'd the gudly bukes, he rais'd his voyce
In folio sodenly, and then made choise
Of my assistance: when he could not prate
His hunderts out; nor could retaine that State,
He vomits bloud afresh: and then indeed
I got an Office, lov'd to see men bleed
As well as he; and when I went to fight,
I long'd to have the Parson in my sight.

Souldier.

How are poore soules deluded! that are taught
By such to loose themselves! now am I brought
For sale to Death. The trembling Earth doth gape
To let me down; and would commit a rape
Upon my reason too; the shivering aire
Benums my senses, but then, black dispair
Revives my grief again: the sawcie wind,
That's quarterd, with the anguish of mind:
Makes Earth-quakes in my breast; nor can I tell
Of one weeks pay to bear my charge to Hell.
Shame joynes with terrour, to increase my evill:
Oh pitie me!

Divell

Devill.

Aske mercie from a Devill?
I shall be made thy Gaoler, never look
For pardon any more, now the black book
Is laid before thee.

Souldier.

Reverend Sir come in,
Oh now! or never quell the rage of sin.

Priest.

Shake off thy dumps, and lose not thy renown;
Had not the *Service-Book* been voted down,
I'de conjure out this Fiend, do thou but fight,
Defend our cause, thou need'st not fear the sight
Of men and Devils, if thou dost forsake
Our blessed way, the devill will thee take:
Well, be advis'd.

Souldier.

Away yee Fiends, away,
You both desire my ruine, you'd destroy
Me, soule and body, thou hast laid a snare
To catch poor souls, of which thou should'st take care!
Thou limb of Antichrist, is this the rest
Thou didst propose? thou'rt proctor for the beast,
The Devill tels more truth, I doe defie
A seeming friend, a reall enemy.
Doe, changeling, go.

Priest.

Can Ideots understand,
What's best for peace, and freedome of the Land?

And such a one, as I be still to seeke,
That understand the Hebrew and the Greek,
In ways of truth?

Devill.

Ho,---ho, heer's deinty sport,
Because tha'st been a flatterer at the Court,
Chok't with conceit, thy parts doe raise the rate;
I liv'd in heaven, yet lost my happy state.
Thy fall is comming.

Priest.

I had best be gone,
This Fortune-tellers odds is two to one.

Souldier.

No trust in clods of clay, let men addresse
Themselves towards heaven, for their happinesse.

When this discourse was past the knot dissolv'd.
A crooked piece of filth, that was involv'd
Within a trebble curse, came crawling by,
And after him his trul, who us'd to lie, *Pandorsus.*
To take him captive: many years they had
Been jogging to the Devil, he was mad,
To wed this tub of treasure, kept for store,
Though lovely by contraries, match't before,
Pandorsus now declines her, he has found
At prison base upon the common ground:
Two Punks new underlaid, and in his view,
Malea the best of them, was vamp't anew:

And *Furia* had been bottom'd, had not she *His charge.*
Been over dry'd neer Smithfield, but if hee
Can turne old *Querpa* off, that he may have
Those prettie pugs to drill him to his grave,
Hee'l give a double fine: it is agreed,
That he shall work for death, and hee'l make speed,
Lest hell should be too full, before his lust,
Commits his rotten carcasse to the dust.

Well, now the wantons meet, and *Querpa* sees
That *Furia* had his heart, and *Maleas* fees,
Were fruits of pleasure, shee advanc'd her tongue,
Would you ingrose my dear? I've had him long,
Above these fifteen years, and I will claime
Priority in trust, it is my ayme,
Still to enjoy my sweet.

Furia.

What needst thou move?
Malea and I are partners in his love,
He works, and brings us gains, he'ad rather pine
And presse his hart, then we should want for coine,

Querpa.

I cannot hold my hands, I'le have thy nose,
And teare thy eyes out, such a pair as those,
Bewitch my joy! these Tyburn birds of prey,
May chatter charmes, and doe their work by day:
I vow Ile make you packe.

Malea.

I'le vex her more,
Here are the clothes which yesterday he wore,

Left as the pledges of his free intent *Pand.*
To wait on us in lovely merriment:
What ere he hath is ours, his daughter now
Gets nought from him, but what we doe alow.
Chuck? Chuck is right.

Pandor.

Ha, if you finde me flinch
Then blame mè, no, I scorne to stir an inch
From what I promise: *Querpa*, you are old,
Tuf, dry, unactive, sence conjealjd with cold:
Go, trudge to feeble *Dick*: for I have made
My choice anew.

Querpa.

I am no out-worne jade.
Thou Varlet of the tub! I'le make thy name
A common stench, thou excrement of shame!
Chiefe in the roule of rogues, in Bride-well dy'd,
Twice free of Newgate, once to Tyborn ty'd:
Deny my Love? Howlike an asse he stands,
Come once again into the hangmans hands, *A fight.*
Hee'l choke thy mirth. Impatient of disgrace,
He tore her head-clothes off, shee scratcht his face.
But then his chieflings came unto his ayd,
He got the day, poor *Querpa* now is paid:
For tongue sale scores being fled; the bonny three
Drinke healths in triumph of the victory:
They reingage themselves, his valours known,
Together with his love, they'l have it blown

Wit

With th'silver Trump of fame, that all may finde *The triumph Mozrall.*
The rich borne issue of *Pandorsus* minde.
The Devill breaks his covenants with men,
When they are in a straight: and they agen
With one another in a frenzie fit,
He gains his ends, because he has more wit;
When their's are frustrate. When the Hare
To quarter freely where the hungry Hounds
Keep randevouze; or if the Partridge treats
With angry Hawks about her choice of meats,
What will the issue be? these did agree,
That are discover,d here: but now you see
How justice parts 'em: if they do rebell
In change of sins, how will they do in hell,
Where plagues are crown'd for, there the hungry flames
Are in commission; bodies, souls and names
Must 'bide th'arbitrement: they need not fight,
To make their curse compleat. Day's turn'd to night,
Where horrour, (free from chains) doth gnaw the fore;
Makes hope as blinde, as reason was before:
And greedy sorrow, feeding upon teares,
Gender's despaire, which ruleth over feares
With imbred terrour, born by helplesse grief:
Shame's no abortive: death commands in chief.

SECT.

SECT. XXIV.

The Serving-man, relates what he
Had known of's Masters miserie:
His Coach, Sedan, what Letters fees.
He falls from Satten to his Freeze.
How sin brings death, the purchast strife:
A Villain that betray'd his wife.

BEfore the vails were drawn, or dimfac'd night
Pon composition, would resigne her right
To *Hespers* train, before old *Tithons* head
Was rayſd with glory from his frosty bed,
To ſhew his hoary locks: nor did the day
Peep through the ſtreaked Tiffany, of gray.
For Chantecleers Commiſſion was not ſeal'd
To ſound a parle; nor any way reveal'd
To bring *Aurora*, in her ſilver pride,
To ſtorm the works of darkneſſe: yet I ſpy'd
Two ſilent walkers; one was much affraid;
And I perceiv'd ſhe was a Chamber-maid,
The other was a Serving-man: for her
I ſoon diſcovered by his livorie.
He being ſtay'd confeſt he did belong
To one that kept his coach when he was young,
For *Hackney* ware, and feaſted them in Town,
And in the Countrey car'd them up and down,

Wh

Who had at every stage, a common Inne,
Where he did put himselfe to sale for sin.
He had sedans, which he did use to send
To fech his Minions private, and did spend
His means upon them: Now he paid his whore,
When cash was low, he sin'd upon the score,
Somtimes he borrowed of a Cavaliere,
That us'd to hire a Strumpet by the year,
Thei'd feel his pockets pulses, ere thei'd joyne,
And have their courses when he had no coine.
They'd often be at eds, then he would curse
The minutes of expence; his humble purse
Did languish for his riot: she would rail,
Because the suit depending on her-----
Was staid with an injunction: high-courts writs
Put down the Common-pleas, and bring their wits
To bill and answers, if their orders must
Be seeming prohibitions, to their lust,
And stop their commings in, they'l sin the more,
(Both orders and decrees were broke before,)
Subpœna shame, their mischiefs to recruit;
Again, at non-equity they'l try a suit.
If any maid was handsome in his eye,
Hee'd lay a snare to trap her, and would try
With gold to win her, such a one as shee
Was made for pleasure not for drudgeree,
Hee'l take a chamber for her, make her fine,
And keep her at his cost, if thou't be mine:

Thou

Thou shalt not want; most modest gives content,
Another time shee that's most impudent.
He sends his pimping Letters, I must be
His whiskin, else, we never could agree.
Here is a copie to his Mistresse which
Hath spent him much, her fingers ofted ich
To nim his gold, her answer Il'e reherse,
But you may read, for they are both in verse.

His Letter.

To the Mistris of my Affection, at Her Chamber in the *Strand*, Mistrisse *I. G.*

SWeet-heart thou art my chiefe delight,
I dream'd I was with thee to night,
Since I have seen thee, time appears
To me as five and forty years:
I cannot eat, nor drink, nor sleepe,
But sometimes sighth, and sometimes weepe.

I ſhall in no place merrie be,
Till I enjoy thy companie ;
The damask'd earth begins to ſpring,
Flowers peep out, and birds do ſing,
The ſpangled Heavens long to ſee
A treatie 'twixt my Love and mee ;
And ſince I have diſpleas'd my Deare,
The Clouds have dropt downe many a teare :
Ile ſtudy charmes the blackeſt Art,
To have thee cure my wounded heart,
The thoughts of which (though griefe doth ſtrive)
Do only keep my hopes alive :
Come kiſſe me, and my hopes will ſwell,
Or elſe I dye, and then farewell.

From his lodging in the Covent-Garden.

Thine till death. A. N.

Her

e this betwixt fol. 150. & 151.

Her answer. To my dear Heart, M. A.N.

Sweet, thou dost write, as though by me
Thy love was quite forsaken,
I am to thee as ever free,
And thou art quite mistaken;
A hastie word from him I love,
Being tender made me strange,
But I am fixt and cannot move,
Pox--- I will never change.
Had I not set my heart on thee
Then since I saw thy face
Being proffer'd gold by two or three,
I had took it with a grace.
But I am right and will be still,
Ile come to thee to morrow,
And then of love We'll take our fill
And charme away all sorrow;
While thou hast gold, and I am young
We will not breake delight,
We'll drink and play, a merrie song
Will please us in the night.

I'le freely take what e're thou giv'st,
The latter should excell:
I'm thine while thou in credit liv'st,
Poore, or diseased, farewell.
Till then thine, for pleasure. *I.G.*

He's now declining, Sattin, Silke and Plush
Are turn'd to freeze: and yet he will not blush
Though all men jeer him; he to gain his ease
Will take some wholesome drudge, that his disease
May be remov'd to her. A hellish woing!
For he minds nothing but his own undoing.
He runs in debt, but never means to pay:
Had I my wages I would never stay.
His former bawd, because he left her stew
Comes railing to him, there's a quarter due
For retaile dealing, and for common fees;
He's sinking now, and falling by degrees
Down to his purchas'd place; where he will meet
With course salutes: sin sifted from the sweet.
I serv'd another gentleman, whose use
Was to defile himself; all foul abuse.
He judg'd as gentle qualities, and when
The damned haxters met, they were the men
That could excell in vilenesse, drink, swear, roar,
Or take a purse; and he that kept his whore
At greatest rate; they thought these bloody times
Would grant them pattents, patronize their crimes.
If any sought to turn him from the sting,
A rounded knave! a Rebel to the King.
Should not controule him: he did ne're deny

His lusts a vent, his reason still did dye
To keep his curse alive: his soul thus tost,
Till credit meanes, with man, and all were lost.
Sin took advantage when his bones were dry'd,
Put him a year in hell before he dy'd.
Another once I knew, that did a fact
Which impudence did blush at; such an act
Was never heard of; he would give a fee
To one that should commit Adulterie *A Villaine.*
With his own wife, and he would have at hand
His Evidence with him, who there would stand
To see it done, that he might freely take
Occasion, that he might his wife forsake.
And turn her off with shame, then he would find
Content in wickednesse; and set his mind
To pimp for *Venus*, as I came along
I heard a noise, but still a womans tongue.
Did carr' the sound away: she's one mans friend,
And deals with none but him: yet in the end
She'd trade with them by turns. *Jack* payes his shilling.
But that he's out of Town, she'd not be willing.
This peece was over-hat they fell to words,
And then to blowes; had not their state-bought swords
Bin bound unto the peace, they had not left
Untill their pates, or else some post had cleft,
Their cloaks were put in prison for this crime,
Their cause adjourn'd untill a purging time.
Is thy relation true, yes.
Can pity here take place? then summon fear,
That any men that are but inmates here *Hands*
Should

Should live like divells, pain from pleasure springs:
Contempt from sinfull sweets, a thousand stings
Wait on the sinners joy, and when they must
Be kept close prisoners in the surly dust,
They'l meet their rising fresh when they shall run
To *Mille Malis*, which were here begun.
Like to the fouls of prey, that soar aloft,
Whose stomacks bribe their eys: and seizing oft
Upon the harmlesse birds, at last the Net
Doth take them prisoners, where they dye in debt:
Th'are pol'd like traytors, shame out-lives their gains
Who for example hang abroad in chains.
So, these despised Vultures soaring high,
Their pleasures are unwing'd, they fall and die
In debt to all the world, then who can tell
Their misery, but those that come from hell?
Fond dreams where Serpents are imbrac't for friends,
Contracting torments when the fable ends.

SECT. XXV.

Strange stories from a Chambermaid,
The Pimps imployments are displac'd,
The Justice, Watch, the Marshalls guard,
Protect the sinners for reward,
The Tavern pawns, a Spie espi'd.
Two sworn for hell, and how they di'd.

BY this the night began to be in fear,
The sweet-fac'd light beginning to draw neer,
To bring the morning in, with rosie dawn,

With Officers in scarfes of cobweb Lawne.
To raise up forces which did all resort
To *Phœbus* which did scale the Royall Fort.
Without resistance, all within the line,
Was repossessed with his glittring shine.
Aurora rais'd, did send out many Spies,
With scouts and trumpets, being full of eyes;
With Ambuscadoes, who did slily creep;
(The black fac'd Regiment being most asleep)
They seiz'd their works, and pillag'd all within;
Kept those close prisoners, that had traytors bin,
To have their triall. *Juno* all in state
Made *Vulcan* horn'd by *Venus* advocate.
The sentence past, they being guilty found;
And *Sol* in pride riding the third dayes round
Must see the execution, from the stewes,
Yet here's a prisoner that will tell more newes.
Indeed forsooth I am a Chambermaid,
When I was young I meerly was betray'd
With shews of gold, rich fare, and brave attire,
A *Gincrack* like a Lady did me hire,
To be as her companion, till she brought
Me to her will; my honesty was bought,
Sold for disgrace, all sorts were entertain'd,
Who ever lost, of every one she gain'd
That had but coyn, if any one seem'd poor,
She'd send Pimp *Minor* for a pocky whore,
To fit his rate: if any Spark came rich
She'd come in silk, and painted; if this witch
Was not accepted for her wrinkled face,

I must be trim'd to take my Mistris place.
If two or three came in pimp Major must, *Pimps*
Take up some sinner on the brokers trust, *Major*
To gaine a double Fee: our rates were higher
According to our beauty, and attire.
She'ad skill to cure her guests, being over-hat,
Or frenchifi'd; she had the more for that. *The Bauds*
If lads came thin, she'd send her Pimpes about. *skill*
To raise a Tumult; bring a totter'd rout.
Before some Taverne doore, raile, sweare and curse
At one another: so they'd cut a purse, *Plots*
Or pick a pocket; then they'd take thir flight
To rob some house, being alwayes in the night,
Were any of us taken in the darke,
We'd bribe the Justice, and We'd Fee his Clerk,
And soone bequit the lasses Were in feare, *Robbers*
When carr'd away, on *May-day* was a yeare,
About Long-Acre; Common stinking trash,
But they were freed and never had the lash.
For *justice nimis* was their friend, and can
Do courtesies: but they must pay this man,
And parish Officers will them enlarge,
Excuse their faults lest they should keep their charge.
At other times, our Pimps would much frequent
The shovell-bourds, the dicers, and they went
To Ordinaries to gamsters, bowling places,
To gaine acquaintance, when they knew their faces,
Their'd grow familiar: so they drew them in,
And made them tenants to the house of sinne.
Gamsters and thieves, that drinke the full Carouse,

Are the chief pillars of a bawdy house.
We'd tell each other all: who's best for play,
Who, for the house, and who will freely pay;
Who's pleasant for discourse, what slave doth grutch,
Our common fees, and who will give too much:
We'l now seem chast, but if the golden crue
Comes greedily, sirs, 'tis for love of you
We break our vows, believing what we say
The'l drop dust freely, when th'are gone away
To jeer, or praise 'em, as we found 'em right.
It is our recreation, and delight.
A Villain us'd our house that was accus'd
For ravishing two children: he abus'd
Them, as 'twas prov'd: hells factor gave consent
He should be freed, but damn'd the innocent.
A wise mans case, (his bribes were all but fees)
Fin'd, censur'd, and imprison'd, by degrees
Being judg'd for hell, stood for his Plaintiffe sin;
And walking on her brinck she took him in.
When any fear'd our wenches were not sound,
The bawd would stand engag'd to turn them round,
But they must pay for search, if they will not
They run the hazard, every one his lot.
Shee'l name her golden guests, and make great brags
Such gallants use her house, if one in rags *Golden*
Comes to exchange a sin, and truck for shame, *Guests.*
He came by chance, nor doth she know his name.
If Court and Tearme be here for ev'ry crime,
Shee'l ask a crown, but in Vacation time,
A shilling serves, she'as once a year new whores;
Poor, sick, or old she turns them out of doors, No

No man dares question her, for divells do
Grant her protection: being guilty too,
They'l but discloſe their ſhame, the common watch
Both harbour, and defend, and often hatch *The Watch.*
Some of our brood, their profit lies at ſtake,
And for the Conſtables and Beadles ſake,
They'l wink at ſmall faults, hood-wink ſawcy Laws:
And now and then a feeling in the cauſe
Would chaſe our fears, ſome Officers at firſt
Will lie in wait to take us, till their thirſt
Turn to a ſurfeit, what's the Marſhalls guard?
If in their walks they ſpie us, a reward
Will keep them ſilent. Many of them will
Protect us, to be partners in the ill.

We'd have them to the Tavernes, one of note
Did pawn his cloak, and I my peticote; *Pawn.*
Another left a watch, for want of coyn,
To pay the ſhot; their love they did aſſign
To help us at a pinch, our time we ſpent
Free from all fear, in joviall merriment.

A greazy punck once in one houſe did lye,
An *Oxford* bawd, firſt, then a Baſing Spye:
A bawd to her own child, who came to town
For information, walking up and down,
She was ſuſpected to be much in debt,
And by a chance a Serjeant with her met,
And ſcrap't acquaintance with her, being weary
Arreſted her, yet, ſhe could not be merry,
A new fil'd bawd, now grown an outworne whore;
She car'd a breadth, and went upon the ſcore,

Being begging ripe; but yet her bed was made
In ample sort too good for such a jade,
Out at the window in the night, by rope
She stole away, the hangman is in hope,
To find her shortly, he that do's her see
And bring her in shall have a double fee.
She's black, and brawny, shameleſſe, in the cloſe
She's goggle ey'd, and ha's a crooked noſe,
Her lodging is neer Weſtminſter, and ſhe
Haunts bawdy tavernes, and where treachery
Is moſt in faſhion; now ſhe keeps her bed, *Macquiers*
And drinks no ſack, becauſe *Macquiers* head *head*
Is taken from their plot, 'tis thought ſhe had
A daughter for her time was full as bad.
But beautifull without, and yet within
The divell kept a count; ſhe ſold her ſin
To him that bid moſt for it, or at leaſt
A Royaliſt transform'd into a beaſt.
She took a Ladies name, her ſinfull leiſure
Is tyed to one man now, but at her pleaſure
She'l change him for another; at the laſt *Hells*
Thed divell made a match, and ty'd her faſt *mouth*
To one that did him ſervice, what of hell
He had which made him proud, and what befell
Him at the laſt, is known; for in his pride
He fought for ſin, fell down, and ſo he dy'd.

Her Epitaph.

This vapering ſpark ſprung from an unknown race
By *Venus* made a captain in the field;

But

But *Mars* was angry, when he saw his face,
A Souldiers look, unhorst him, made him yeeld,
First he was pillag'd, after seiz'd by death,
He'ad runne away, save that he wanted breath.
His glorious Minnon hearing of the chance,
Being charg'd with sorrow fell into a trance;
But when she was recoverd, she began
To teare and rave, oh! wheres that man, that man?
And shot a Pistoll in her side; her breath
Was charged out, to let in Serjeant death.

Her Epitaph.

She's buried here that should no burying have,
She sunk her selfe being overfraught with evill;
Her lusts before did make her bed a grave,
She'as quite undone her selfe to please the Devill
To meet her joy, she kill'd her selfe and fell,
Where love is cool'd: but beds are hot in hell.
You see vile actions spring from vaine desires;
Which in their meeting kindle furious fires, *Morall.*
To scorch the sinners: like the knats by night,
They buz, and flye about the Candle light,
Being feareless of the issue; till by turnes
The wings first scorcht, and then the body burnes,
Or like the beasts, that travell many a mile,
One swinnes a brook, another leapes a stile,
Some mir'd in a lake, some beaten blind,
Some leave their hoofs, and some their hornes behind
All will not free them from the Butchers knives;
They buy those wearie steps to sell their lives.

So

So here are all diseases, which, if well
Considered of, they might prevent a hell.
Alas! they but increase it! now my might
Must banish't be; on *Marris* with the light. 54. *Sect.*
The sores are searcht, my patient must endure *of the*
Perpetuall torments, or apply the cure. *first part.*

SECT. XXVI.

What theames declined by my muse
What night-born subjects she doth use:
The Authors Charge; by whom 'twas pen'd,
His answer to't, and there's an end.

MY muse, scarce treats with any one that fights.
For Princely crimes, nor of the new-made Knights
Nor where their lands do lye, that should maintain.
Their worships titles, or what number slain,
To feed conceit; nor where they sell, or when:
Nor those ignoble ones that came agen,
When reling paund their trust, nor of the curst
Humors of such, whom bloud must quench their thirst.
Nor how our brave Commanders in the West,
Have gain'd eternall fame; how they are blest
From heaven with successe: but if I may
Make truce with time, I'le view their acts by day:
Nor hath she ransack't in the Cavies den;
Nor touch't the Excize, nor Grand Committee men,
Nor of those flattering rimes, that can declare
A coward valiant, knaves beyond compare,
Nor of the false imprisoning of the just,
Nor what in traytors hands are left in trust, Nor

Nor of the torments which the Laws indure,
How those make wounds, that should apply the cure.
But chides with begger buff, and charms the pride
Of Major plund'rer, all that do divide
The spoils of mem, bawds, panders, whores, and pimps,
Thieves, Witches, sherks, the Devil and his Imps:
Gulls, letchers, jaylors, beadles, bribing Clerks,
Buffoons, base upstarts, drunkards, swagg'ring sparks,
That parle with lust, and for the Devill fight,
Make articles with hell, all found last night,
Now laid in view: the fowls were hard to find,
More hard to take; yet bats, you know, are blind.
But, here's a swash, drain'd from this dropsie age,
Who keeps his punk, attyred like a Page.
His second [rich] was husband to a Whore;
He's but her cosin now, 'cause he's grown poore:
A Bridewell strumpet [salt] being mov'd with ire,
Tom ran away with all her whorish hire,
Coms with them, railing, in whose hands I spie
My charge drawn up, to which I must reply,
Partly ingrost by them; the rest doth speak
From better minds, though ignorant and weak.
What malice sold in print? revenge is set *The charge.*
To seize delight, to make us die in debt.
Our sweet's o're-charg'd with envy: if we die,
We'll wage the bill, and never will comply.
Yet he may do us favour, to renew
And teach our art, which many never knew.
His practice taught his art, for which he gives
To charge from sense, so *Clavil* peacht the thieves.

He

He hath been bit, which makes his courage cool,
Boyes payes for wit, when they are whipt at schoool
Can he court truth, doth heaven judge stewes fit
To teach men reason, modesty and wit?

The Answer.

The Charge Answered.

Had it been malice, enmity or hate
That mov'd my pen, I had not searcht so late,
To chide your sin, your misery uncloath,
'Tis not your persons, but your wayes I loath.
But wave it if you can, your plagues renew,
'Twas more for love of others, then for you
That urg'd this night, let vices warning have,
'Fore death doth summon you unto the grave.
If any from contraries do amisse,
To feed his lust, and take a ground from this,
Hell will but grasp him sooner: this no gin
To snare tame fools, it is to scourge their sin.
A wise man doth a strumpets wiles descry,
Allurements promises, and her bed whereby
Poor simpleton is caught, then he doth tell
Her chambers lead to death, her staires to hell:
This is my aim: th' Assembly of Divines,
With toleration cannot charge my lines;
To see a drunkard reel, or court a whore,
Wise men will prize sobriety the more;
And Ideots shun the shame, when 'tis uncloath'd,
Vice must be known before it can be loath'd.
There's no Phyfitian swallows poyson'd pills
To help his art, he knows before what kills.
If Preachers opening sins, (to break the frame)

Did

Did practise what they know, they'd preach their shame
The guiltlesse man, is wise who better can?
Describe the drunkard then a sober man?
The thief's convicted by the Judge that's free,
Who never knew the crime so well as he.
To speak of what they gave consent unto,
Or saw at large, is that which fools may do.
These things you'l say are true, pray tell me how
You prove them so, yet could not see while now?
Experience taught you, bring me one that's bit
Almost to death, and now recover'd wit,
I'd have his counsell in't; but few there be
That purchase wit by sin, but misery.
Envy will quit me, she's of this belief
I ne're was drunkard, begger, sherk, nor thief,
Though they are here displac'd, nor shall the rest
Be charg'd upon me, 'tis your shame expresst.
Some part is meerly fanci'd; some takes sence
From observation and Intelligence;
Which I have drest in colours, that it may
Stop you from hell, or vex you in the way.
Defence to those whom heaven and earth despise,
Is more then needs, truth will content the wise.

Good morrow.

THE

1. The preparation and the plots.
2. The strange passages of the Spie.
3. The changes in returning to the Centinells.
4. The slumbring Vision, and the accidents.
5. The Officers feast, and bills commission.
6. The counter-panes of beauty and vertue.
7. The Devills trade, and the Bawds profession.
8. The hatefull meeting charg'd.
9. The black Courtier, the Rats and the turn-pike.
10. The nature of sherks and sherking.
11. The differences between Constables.
12. The Physitians foul disease, his will.
13. The Scum and his Doxies triumph.
14. The new traytors, and the Welshmans grief.
15. The Shred from hell, and the Monkis.
16. The lecherous Lawyers varieties.
17. The young mans dreadfull vision.
18. The bank-feast and company.
19. The Devills feast with them.
20. The conditions of beggers, their rules.
21. The examination at the Court of Guard.
22. The Monster and the pettie Bawd.
23. The Devills dispute, and Pandorsus change.
24. The serving-mans relation.
25. The Chamber-maids confession.
26. The subjects sum'd, and the Authors Charge answered.

FINIS.